PREACHING.—Rev. J. Lester Henderson will preach for the year at the following places as stated:

1st Sunday,		Huntersville,	11 A. M.
"	"	Mt. Pleasant,	4 P. M.
2nd	"	Sunset,	11 A. M.
"	"	Bethel,	3 P. M.
3rd	"	Huntersville,	11 A. M.
"	"	Mt. Pleasant,	4 P. M.
4th	"	Bethel,	11 A. M.
"	"	Sunset,	3 P. M.

HOME NEWS

—Last Monday some one made the original remark, "Is this cold enough for you."

—A "Norther," as the Texans call it, swept down on us Sunday and cooled off the atmosphere to a winter grade.

—Mrs. Bertie Barlow, Mr. Gladwell and Early F. Arbogast, of Green Bank, spent Sunday in our town.

—C. Rice Moore, of Dunmore, spent some time in Huntersville this week, stopping with his brother C. F. Moore.

—Squire R. C. Shrader was in town Saturday. He begins to look very much like a judge.

—Mr. Oscar Slaven and bride, of Kansas, are stopping at the Huntersville Hotel. Oscar is one of the Pocahontas boys that seems to have done well in the west.

—Preaching at the new Church at this place next Sunday, at 11 a. m. by the pastor, Rev. J. L. Henderson.

—Miss Martha Robins, of Bath County, Va., died at the residence of Wm. Cole, Esq., near Huntersville, last Saturday night.

—Wm. H. Grose and family, of Helvetia arrived at Huntersville last Tuesday. They will make their future home here, having disposed of their property at Helvetia.

—Two trials before Justice Milligan last Saturday. Huntersville is a great place for trials and tribulations.

—THE TIMES comes out a day later this week. Our patrons will kinkly excuse the delay, as the arrangements of the new management are not yet complete.

—J. B Canfield, Esq. former editor of THE TIMES is off on a flying trip to Staunton, where he expects to meet his wife, who will accompany him home. Mrs. Canfield has been visiting relatives in Philippi, W. Va.,

—L. M. McClintic, Esq., recently returned from Bath County where he had been indulging in the chase. He brought with him a nice pair of deer horns to prove that a deer had been killed, but he hasn't proven yet who killed it.

—Jas. A. Sharp, who is now working at Hillsboro, came up Sunday to be present at the first service in the new Church. Mr. Sharp did the greater part of the carpenter work on the building and he has no reason to be ashamed of the job.

—Owing to the sickness of Rev. H. W. Kinzer and the extreme cold weather the meetings that were appointed for the new church at Huntersville this week were abandoned, except the Thanksgiving service Thursday morning at 11 o'clock.

—Rev. H. W. Kinzer, who was stopping at the home of C. F. Moore, was taken very sick last Sunday night. For two or three days his condition was critical. At this writing he is considerably improved, now being in a fair way to recover. Mrs. Kinzer, who was sent for is expected to arrive this evening.

WANTED

[illegible] Skins, Hides and Tallow for cash or exchange.

A. F. Lanier,

Dealer in Leather, Harness, Saddles, &c.

Huntersville, W. Va.

Dunmore Smngs.

W. H. Cackley & Co., have completed their new store house and are now moving into it.

Smith & McElwee have opened up a new store in the building formerly occupied by Edill Cobb.

Cackley & Rexroad are putting up a store house at Driftwood.

Several weddings this fall near Traveller's Repose.

The lumber business is booming.

We are looking for better times now, if what the Republicans have been telling us is true. One of that faith recently informed us that wages had advanced ten cents a day and cattle ten dollars a head. Is that so?

There will be preaching at Dunmore Dec. 20 at 7 o'clock, p. m. Singing at 2 p. m.

Success to the new Editors and THE TIMES.

Nov. 27th. TOM SAWYER.

Married.

Nov. 14th, 1888, at the residence of the bride's parents on Clover Creek, W. Va., by the Rev. Geo. P. Moore, Mr. Geo. W. Malcomb and Miss Susan E. C. Shinaberry, all of Pocahontas County.

Nov. 22, 1888 at the residence of the bride's mother near Edray, W. Va., by the Rev. Geo. P. Moore, Mr. John D. Gibson and Miss Susan A. Moore, all of Pocahontas County.

Nov. 22, 1888, at the residence of the bride's parents near Edray, W. Va., by the Rev. Geo. P. Moore, Mr. John W. Curry and Miss Martha C. Moore, all of Pocahontas County.

Closing Accounts.

I have sold THE TIMES office to Mr. S. B. Loury, Jr., and Atty. C. F. Moore, and am now settling up all accounts due me on Subscription, Job Work and Advertising. I ask each and every one to give immediate attention to the statements sent to each this week, as I expect to leave the county on December 17th and wish all accounts closed before that time. All accounts not paid before December 14th will be given to L. M. McClintic for collection. Each account is made out at the advance rates, but if any remain unpaid December 15, they will be put in Mr. McClintic's hands at the rate of $2 per year. Honor the statements you receive with cash at once and save time and cost to us both.

Very Truly,

JAS. B. CANFIELD.

On last Sunday services were held for the first time in the new Methodist Church at this place. Rev. H. W. Kinzer, Presiding Elder of the Lewisburg District was announced to preach, but on account of sickness he was unable to fill the appointment. The pastor, Rev. J. L. Henderson conducted the services. Preaching two good sermons to a well filled house. The new Church when completed, and it is now nearly so, will be one of which the town and community may well be proud. It is constructed and equipped after modern and approved style and is a handsome monument to the generosity of its builders.

By way of offset to the alleged contract for 5,000 tons of iron castings awarded to an English firm by the Denver cable Railway Company, which so powerfully affected the imaginations of some people in the recent campaign, we read in the Railroad Gazette that "the Westinghouse Electric Company of Pittsburg, Pa., has been awarded the contract for a central station plant in London, England, for 25,000 incandescent lamps." Yet John Bull appears to be no way seriously alarmed by this "invasion." The proper thing for him to do at the next general election would be to display the Union Jack surmounted by the Stars and Stripes, and to ask all sturdy Britons whether they want the Yankees to light the houses of London and take the bread out of the mouths of British workmen. But John has passed the infantile stage of unwisdom, and is satisfied to get the best thing that is to be had for his money.

Senator Quay is authority for the statement that a Southern man will be a member of Gen. Harrison's Cabinet.

Some of the rich members of the Cobden Club in London, are the Duke of the Buccleugh, who owns 460,000 acres of land with a rental of $1,200,000, and the Duke of Athol, who owns 194,000 acres and has a rental of nearly $1,000,000.

Congressman Perry Belmont, of New York, has been appointed by the President as Minister to Spain, in the place of J. L. M. Curry, who recently resigned.

It is reported that the Imperial Government of China has issued a proclamation calling upon all of that nationality in the United States to return to the Flowery Kingdom. We hope the invitation will be accepted.

The democratic papers of the State emphatically claim the election of Fleming and the Republican papers claim for Goff. We hope that West Virginia will not have two Governors to support during the next administration.

There seems to be as much controversy concerning the majority in the next Congress, whether it be democrat or republican, as there is over the Fleming and Goff affair. Each party claims it.

The Taylor family of Tennessee continues in luck. Alf, the Republican partner, will furnish music in the National House of Representatives, while Bob, the Democrat, will continue to make the people of Tennessee dance to his fiddling as Governor.

The Republican papers are very anxious to know what President Cleveland will engage in at the end of his term. They needn't trouble themselves about Grover. He will make a living; and he wont go into the chicken business like Hayes to do it.

It seems that Gen. Clinton B. Fisk has fair chances of becoming a president, after all. He will be offered the presidency of Dickenson college at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, with a large salary attached, but it is not known whether or not he will accept.

One of the good things done by President Cleveland, and one that will continue to reflect credit upon his good judgement and calm common sense, was the appointment of Hon. Melville W. Fuller as chief justice. Men of all parties unite in praise of the new chief justice as being the right man in the right place.—Charleston Star.

Now that the Republican party has triumphed and there is no immediate danger of a decrease in the tariff on eggs by which American chickens are protected against the pauper chickens of Europe, we hope our hens will return to their nests and resume their laying.

One of our Exchanges states that President elect Harrison has received forty one letters announcing that somebody's baby, born since the election, has been named for the coming President. Evidently the *infant* industry is flourishing under the administration of the protective party.

The Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat says that "Senator Sherman, who is now in the city, does not expect to go into President Harrison's Cabinet, although he feels that he will be asked to do so. The Ohio Senator has already received several letters from Gen. Harrison asking him to come to Indianapolis, but he has thus far declined. Mr. Sherman says he prefers to remain in the Senate at the head of the Foreign Affairs Committee to any position which he might hold in the Cabinet."

If West Virginia elects a Democratic Senator and Nebraska a Republican, the Senate will be a tie.

HIS SOUTHERN POLICY.

From the New York Herald.

Probably no man in Indiana or in the nation knows as much about Harrison's proposed Southern policy as Superintendent of Public Instruction Lafollette. Mr. Lafollette told me this afternoon that one evening before General Harrison's election he spent several hours conversing with him on the Southern question, at which time the General expressed his views very freely.

I asked him what General Harrison's ideas were, and he said:—"In the first place, he will not allow imported Northern carpetbag politicians to hold office down there and usurp the rights of citizens; second, he will not appoint to office ignorant negroes or ignorant white people simply because they vote the Republican ticket. While his policy will not be of the milk and water sort, such as Hayes' was, it will be fair, and, I predict, highly satisfactory to the South."

"You don't mean to be understood that he will appoint Democrats to office?"

"That is what he will do whenever there is no white Republican who is talented and respectable enough to command the respect of his neighbors, and he realizes the fact that in many parts of the South there is not for miles and miles an educated man and one who is fit to hold office that votes the Republican ticket. There are many men in the South who vote the Democratic ticket who are really Republicans. That is, they are protectionists and in sympathy with the Republican party on many other of the live issue of the day. They simply vote the Democratic ticket for historical reasons, because they insist that the Republican banner is stained with the blood of their fellow man. Many of them are honest enough to admit this. It is this class that General Harrison will recognize."

Last week James B. Canfield, who has been editor and manager of the POCAHONTAS TIMES for more than five years past, retired from the paper, and Messrs. S. B. Loury and C. F. Moore will conduct it hereafter, Mr. Moore being editor. THE TIMES has always been one of the most valued of our country exchanges, and we hope that the new management will keep it up to the high standard which has characterized it heretofore.—Charleston Star.

The public is anxiously awaiting the publication of President Cleveland's next message to Congress, and speculating as to its contents. What its import will be is unknown; but one thing we feel safe in predicting, that it will be an able state paper and will contain the President's own views, regardless of whom it may please or offend.

Hon. A. H. Colquitt was recently re-elected United States Senator from the State of Georgia. Henry W. Grady, Editor of the Atlanta Constitution was strongly urged by his friends for the position, but he positively refused to allow the use of his name.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup [illegible]

Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching & bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. [illegible] SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. [illegible]

LADIES will find relief from their Costiveness, Swimming in the Head, Colic, Sour Stomach, Headache, Kidney troubles, etc., by taking a dose of Simmons Liver Regulator after dinner or supper, so as to move the bowels once a day. Mothers will have better health and the babies will grow more robust by using the Regulator. If an infant shows signs of Colic, nothing like a few drops in water for relief. The Genuine has the red Z on front of wrapper. [17-4

Notice to Creditors.

To the creditors of Allen D. Grimes dec'd:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the county of Pocahontas, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said Allen D. Grimes to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said Allen D. Grimes for adjudication to James W. Warwick, Jr., Commissioner, at his office in the said county, on or before the 27th day of February, 1889.

Witness: John J. Beard, Clerk of the said court, this 19th day of November, 1888.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

Nov22-4t.] Printer's fee, $4.50.

Notice to Creditors.

To the Creditors of John Sharp, dec'd:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the county of Pocahontas, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said John Sharp to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said John Sharp for adjudication to James W. Warwick, Jr., Commissioner, at his office in the said county, on or before the 28th day of February, 1889.

Witness: John J. Beard, Clerk of the said court, this the 19th day of November, 1888.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

Nov22-4t.] Printer's fee, $4.50.

Commissioner's Office,

Huntersville, W. Va.,
November, 16th, 1888.

John Sharp's Adm'r
vs.
John Sharp's Legatees, etc.

All parties interested in the above cause take notice that I will proceed at my office in Huntersville, W. Va., on THURSDAY, THE 28th DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1889,

to take the following accounts:

1 A settlement of the account of J. C. Arbogast as Administrator, with the will annexed of John Sharp, dec'd;

2 Who the creditors are and the amount of their claims, if any, severally and collectively, with their dignities and priorities;

3 What amount remains in the hands of the Administrator after discharging the debts, if anything, and to whom payable;

4 Any matter deemed pertinent or required by any party in interest as required by a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, pronounced in above cause at its October Term, 1888, at which time and place you are required to attend.

JAS. W. WARWICK, Jr.,
Com'r Cir. Ct. P.C.

Nov.22-4t.] Printer's fee, $8.67.

Commissioner's Office,

Huntersville, W. Va.,
Nov. 16th, 1888.

Rosella Smith, etc.,
vs.
Mary F. Malcomb, etc.

IN CHANCERY.

All parties interested in above cause are hereby notified that I will proceed at my office in Huntersville, in said county, on

THURSDAY, THE 20th DAY OF DECEMBER, 1888,

to take the following accounts:

1 The names of the persons who have interest in the 200 acres of land in the bill and proceedings mentioned and the amount of their several interests;

2 The value of the personal estate of George W. Moore, dec'd, with which Mary F. Malcomb and John A. Malcomb, or either of them should be charged;

3 Any other matter deemed pertinent or required by any party in interest to be specially stated, as required by a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county rendered in above cause at the October Term thereof, 1888, at which time and place you are required to attend.

JAS. W. WARWICK, Jr.,
Com'r Cir. Ct. P. C.

Nov22-4t.] Printer's fee, $8.67.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

The undersigned is prepared to do all work in the line of Tinner and Spouting, [illegible] at

Low prices for CASH or Good Country Produce.
Roofing and Spouting a specialty.

MAKE AND REPAIR ALL KINDS OF TINWARE.
Address

W. F. WOODSON,
Academy, W. Va.
[illegible]

SEWING WOMEN.

BY [illegible]

[illegible]

A few less dollars in your gown,
Some cheaper pendants in your ears,
A few less ruffles in the town,
Would dry the founts of many tears.

And she who sits and sews all night,
Would pray for blessings on thy [illegible]
And she who gives both such delight
'Tis of heaven, a holy grace.

VERNEENA'S FORTUNE;

—OR,—

The Stolen Heiress.

A TALE OF NEW YORK IN 1835.

BY PROF. WM. HENRY PECK,

AUTHOR OF

"The Queen's Secret," "The Tower of Gold," "The Half-Breed," "Harold's Hate," "The Bride of Barcelona," Etc.

CHAPTER XV.

AT THE GATE OF OLD ANCHORS.

Of late Dame Grippard had discovered that her tenant at Old Anchors was very severely pressed to obtain money to meet his liabilities, and during the preceding day she had conceived the suspicion that he intended to run away from his creditors, despite the good name and high character as a merchant and gentleman he had always maintained in the city. She had, therefore, taken precaution to effect his arrest should he attempt to flee without first paying her every cent he owed her.

He owed her a very large sum. Not only were six months' rent due, but also that amount of which we have heard her soliloquize in her cottage. His plausible, and indeed honest, representations to her of the availability of a certain speculative scheme in which he had unbounded faith had led her to lend him, or rather to invest with him, fifty thousand dollars.

A clerk of her tenant, discharged a few days before, had made known to her, the preceding day, the desperate state of Mr. Bratton's affairs, and she had made quick preparations accordingly.

She was greatly startled on finding the main gate of the premises closed at so late an hour and at once imagined that Mr. Bratton had escaped from the vigilance she had hired to keep watch upon him.

"Pettis," she whispered to the man whom she had beckoned to her, "why is the gate closed? It is nine o'clock, and he has never failed, I think, to have all the gates wide open by nine."

"That was when the business here was great and good," replied Pettis. "But business has been very slack here for some weeks, Dame Grippard. Still, I do not know why this gate is closed."

"You fool!" snapped the dame, [illegible] "I paid you to keep your eyes upon him all last night. I shouldn't wonder a bit if he's run away. What do all these people want here?"

[illegible] Some are out of work and hoping to find some here. [illegible]

"You are a fool, Pettis, I am sure! Did you keep [illegible] watch [illegible]"

[illegible]

him indeed! He has run away, the sneak thief! But I'll find him if he is this side of the Atlantic! I'll have my grip on his neck yet, Pettis! And, [illegible] I paid you to watch him, and you have let him slip through your fingers as if he were [illegible]. Oh, no doubt he greased your [illegible] fingers well to let him slip! But I'll find out all about that, mind you, Billy Pettis. I had you made constable, and I can have put my debtor in jail. Get out of my way, you idiot! I am going to have that gate open mighty quick, and see what is to be seen in the place. Out of my way! No, I don't want your hand! You are a mean, deceitful dog, Billy Pettis!"

The dame rattled all the above at Pettis with wonderful volubility, her voice subdued indeed, but quivering with restrained wrath and desire to rap Pettis on the head a hundred times at least, with the long and sharp-pointed staff she always carried when in public. Pettis, humbly, but in hand—for he owed her money which he could not pay—stood aside. The dame sprang nimbly to the ground from the chaise—so lightly indeed that one of the loiterers near the gate whispered to a comrade:

"Faith an' did ye mound the legs of the ould black cormorant, Dennis? It's lighter than a bird she was. It's gossamer in the air the day she is!"

"Dame Grippard," whispered Pettis, as soon as her feet were on the ground, "he is on the place; I know he is."

"And how can you prove that, Pettis?" asked the dame, instantly resuming her customary appearance of extreme decrepitude, and regretting that she had displayed so much strength and agility to those near. "Why do you think so, Pettis?"

"Because I kept sharp watch near this gate all night, dame. He lighted a candle or lamp in his office—about six o'clock, I think, it was. He remained there till nine o'clock. Then he went above to his bedroom. I was then a-top of yonder old boat, and so able to see the light as it went above, past window after window. At last the light stood quiet in his bedroom. I couldn't then see him, but the light shone through the window curtains all night—all night, dame. Sometimes, before midnight, I saw his shadow on the curtains. After midnight I did not see his shadow. He must have left his light burning when he went to bed. He may have sat up very late, writing, you know, and be sound asleep now, dame."

"Yes, Pettis, and he may have left the light burning to trick any one on the watch! He may have heard that I mean to arrest him upon charge of fraud to-day, if he does not pay me down every cent he owes me. Rascal, I am sure he has run away. I told you to put a man at every gate to watch all night. You know I did!"

"But you would give me no money to pay for such watching, dame, and I could find no one to serve you without being first paid what you promised."

"You owe me a hundred dollars, and seven months' accrued interest on the same, Pettis. You should have paid watchers yourself, and I should then have deducted the sum from your debt. Where were you all night?"

"Here, near this gate, dame; or on top of yonder yawl. Oh, I have not the least doubt that he is now in his bed, fast asleep."

"You are a credulous ass, Pettis—and I was another when I put the least faith in your common sense. Go to work and have the gate smashed open at once. Get some of these loafers to help you. But don't promise too large pay, Pettis. A sixpence each will over pay them."

Pettis [illegible] to make a bargain with some of the loiterers. Dame Grippard, leaning upon her long staff, with a well assumed air of great feebleness, watched the movements of the men eagerly and impatiently as they began to assail the gate with all the combined strength of their weight and shoulders.

The gate was a strong one, with wings of solid and very thick oak, barred and locked on the inner side. Its top, like that of the entire range of fences and other gates of Old Anchors, bristled with sharp and long iron spikes. It could not be scaled without great [illegible] serious injury to the scaler. Pettis [illegible] perceived that the men could barely shake the gate with their combined rushes against it.

"Come!" he cried. "Scale the fence somewhere! The keys of the locks may be in place. The bars can be easily removed by any one on the other side. Scale the fence somewhere, men!"

"Do that yourself," growled the men, sullenly. "Our clothes and flesh are as dear to us as yours to you, man."

One called out, angrily:

"For all we know, Billy Pettis, Mr. Bratton may let drive a handful of shot, or a bullet, at the first man he sees trying to scale his fence. He's got a pair of bloodhounds, too, that would soon tear a fellow to pieces, if he said the word."

"There are no dogs on the premises," said Pettis, positively. "He sent his dogs to Harlem yesterday, with his family."

"That is true," said a man who had just come up from the river edge, and whose name was Janson. "I was the last man discharged by Mr. Bratton yesterday afternoon. He told me he intended to surrender possession of Old Anchors to Dame Grippard to-day. I was to meet him here this morning, before ten, to aid his servants to pack and get down furniture from above, which is to be hauled to his house in Harlem. He doubtless worked at his packing very late, and has over-slept himself."

"His family and his dogs may be in Harlem," responded the dame, snappishly, "and he may be many a mile from here too. Go get something to smash down the gate, Pettis. You are an officer of the law, and you have in hand the proper warrant to take possession of the premises in [illegible]. I want to learn the worst as soon as possible. [illegible]"

[illegible]

Dame Grippard had glared unpleasant rage at Janson while he was uttering the above speech, but she said nothing in reply, fearing lest he might say much more, and more disagreeable to her ears.

She mentally hurled a hundred curses at him, as his active figure vanished over the fence. Then, for the first time since her leap from the chaise, she turned her attention toward Verneena.

The slight squint of her right eye suddenly became decidedly marked and malicious, and her eyes opened very wide with mingled rage and amazement, when she perceived that a very handsome and manly-featured young man, mounted on a fine and spirited horse, and in the undress uniform of a Lieutenant of the United States navy, had placed himself at the side of the chaise while her attention was upon the gate, and that he was now in a most animated though low-toned conversation with Verneena.

CHAPTER XVI.

VERNEENA AND HER LOVER.

Before saying more of the dame's actions we will speak of the conversation that had passed between Verneena and her lover—for such the young horseman was—while Dame Grippard's attention was elsewhere.

The eyes of the handsome and youthful pair were so admiringly upon each other's faces, and their minds so absorbed by what they were saying, that neither had yet detected the wrathful and wondering stare of the dame as she glared repressed fury at them.

Edward had been on the lookout for the *arrival of Verneena in the vicinity of Old* Anchors for some time before the chaise made its appearance. As soon as he saw it, and had obtained from Verneena a secret signal of her recognition of his presence, he checked his horse into a slow walk, and waited for a chance to gain speech with her without the knowledge of Dame Grippard.

The leap and withdrawal of the dame from the chaise gave Edward the opportunity he desired. He was soon at the side of the vehicle, and without having attracted the special notice of those near the gate.

Verneena's attention had, of course, been keenly toward him, and she heard the sound of his horse's hoofs before he halted at her side. She turned her beautiful face toward him instantly, as he was drawing *rein. Her cheeks were crimson with* mingled delight and alarm, for she did not wish him to speak aloud immediately.

"Hist, love! Not a word aloud yet. The old cormorant must not yet discover that we are even acquaintances. She would put spies on our movements at once, and doubtless baffle the plan of which I hinted to you in my last letter. Wait!"

He was about to ride apart from the chaise, and to bring himself into the notice of all, when Verneena reached from the vehicle and grasped his sleeve, whispering:

"Hear me a moment, love."

He was at her side again instantly, and she continued, softly and with her face crimsoned again with blushes of love:

"She has consented to our marriage——"

"Oh!" gasped Edward, amazed.

"Yes, and I have discovered that she is not my grandmother."

"You amaze me, love! First, how did she discover that we are lovers?"

"More of that hereafter, Edward. She knows it would be vain for her to oppose me openly. She intends treachery. She knows well that I am determined to marry you, provided we win your father's consent, and without that, love, you know I can never consent to be your wife, much as I love you."

"Oh, I know very well all you would say concerning my father's consent, darling, and we will say more about that when we have a more private interview. But to win that desired boon, darling, you must act as I have planned for you. You must flee from Dame Grippard's reach and from her *knowledge, and—but more of this at a* better time. I shall certainly make a better time within an hour. I have important business with Mr. Bratton to see to first. When that is done I shall soon, with his aid, gain a long private talk with you. But how did you discover that you are not the old buzzard's granddaughter?"

"The tale is too long to tell now, Edward. I am going to introduce you to her as my betrothed before the morning is over."

"Do not, I pray you, Verneena. I put no faith in her consent to our marriage. Be cautious a little while longer, love," whispered Edward, earnestly.

"Nor do I put any faith in her words, Edward. But she will have her spies upon me from this day. She has brought me here to-day for a secret and evil purpose! I hope to have time to tell all about it to you before the morning is over. But after to-day, love, let us meet no more in secret. She would not hesitate to whisper to others about our meetings, and to slander my good name vindictively. Oh, I know well her malicious heart! I have told her that I suspect she is not of my kindred, and that if I detect the least evil intention on her part toward me I shall that instant quit her cottage forever, and reveal matters which the world little suspects of her. She begged me to remain as we are a few weeks longer—till I and you are wedded, she said.

"I promised," continued Verneena, "to let her know at noon to-day how long I would remain under her roof. I wished to have, you know, a conversation with you before agreeing to risk myself in her cottage another night."

"To risk yourself? What do you mean by that phrase, love?"

"Wait till we have a better opportunity to say a great deal."

"The old wretch!" said Edward, after a glance toward the dame, "has all her attention upon the gate and the man to whom she is talking."

"That is true, love, but I will not explain my meaning just yet."

"Well, I am impatient to speak to you of my plan, Verneena—my plan to win my father's consent to our marriage. [illegible]

[illegible]

in me and in my judgment. I saved his life last year. He will do anything to promote my happiness. *He will present you* to my father in Albany as his orphan niece, and desire him to receive you as his guest for a few weeks, while he himself is travelling over the States. Of course, your movements must be kept absolutely secret from Dame Grippard——"

"Listen to me, Edward," interrupted Verneena, earnestly. "Your plan is full of deceit. I can never consent to it. What! Deceive your father, who loves you as he does the apple of his eye, you have always told me! Deceive him! Never, Edward!"

"My darling, do but consider how very pardonable the deception will be. His only antipathy toward you—and he does not suspect yet that we are lovers, or know who you are—arises from what I wrote to him the other day when I desired to sound his opinion in the matter. He hates Dame Grippard, simply because he has heard much evil of her dealings with others from Mr. Bratton, in whom he places perfect confidence. He has never seen her, as I have often told you. He has never heard your name. I did not mention it to him in my letters. I wrote that letter as if for a friend who had asked me to obtain my father's opinion of his contemplated marrying with the granddaughter of Dame Helen Grippard. He is not aware that said reputed granddaughter is named Verneena Roland! Under that name, if you insist, you can win his highest esteem, even as you at once win my undying love, my darling."

"Enough, Edward. She is glaring at us. Treat her with courtesy, or she may fly into one of her horrible rages, and disgrace us."

"The old beast thinks nothing of disgracing herself, no doubt. But I will treat her as courteously as I can, Verneena. At this very minute, doubtless, she is contemplating the ruin and arrest of one of my father's former friends. I mean Mr. Bratton—highly esteemed by my father, as you will this morning learn."

Dame Grippard, who had meanwhile been minutely studying Edward's features, could not recall that she had ever seen him before. But when he fixed his steady, clear, and brilliant dark eyes upon her own with a scrutiny as clear as her own, she muttered to herself:

"There is something in his eyes that makes me shiver. It is wonderfully like the Hawksworthy eye. Why should this young whipper-snapper of the American navy have the English Hawksworthy eye? Bah! It is simply a strange coincidence. And his first name is Edward, too! That is another coincidence. I am not at all pleased with such coincidences. I suppose he is the girl's lover. Strange that a man with the Hawksworthy eye should be her lover. They look like lovers. Oh, no doubt he is her darling Edward. I will soon learn; I will soon learn that, and his full name, and the name of the man who wrote so bitterly to him of me in that torn letter. That is, if he is the writer of that letter."

Mindful of her treacherous consent to Verneena's love, she now assumed her most ingratiating and hypocritical manner and tone, and, halting close to the chaise, said:

"Ah, my sweet grandchild, I suppose this handsome young gentleman—this very noble-looking young gentleman—whose garb tells me he is an officer of the American navy—oh, how I adore the navy!—is the accepted one of whom you said so much this morning?"

"Yes, Dame Grippard, this is the accepted one," replied Verneena, smiling at her lover.

"Young sir," said the dame, nodding courteously to Edward, "you have my best wishes for your happiness! My darling Verneena is the sweetest girl in the world! But, my dear child, you have not yet introduced me to the young gentleman!"

"Lieutenant Edward Hawksworthy, Dame Grippard," responded Verneena.

No sooner did the dame hear this name than she started so violently that one might have fancied she had just received a severe blow on her breast. She reeled backward, and but for the opportune support of her long staff would certainly have lost her footing.

She gasped for breath as suddenly and spasmodically as if a bucket of iced-water had just been poured upon her head. She repeated the name in her throat, and glared with mingled dismay and wonder at the young officer.

CHAPTER XVII.

DAME GRIPPARD AND EDWARD.

Dame Grippard did not know, had never even suspected, that any person named Hawksworthy lived in America. The name was associated in her mind only with memories of her life in England.

She continued to stare steadily at Edward's face. She saw nothing in that handsome and manly face—save the expression and color of the eyes—very like the faces which had suddenly sprung into her memory.

"This is simply another strange coincidence," she thought. "There are doubtless, scores of persons who bear that name in this country as well as in England. Still, I have never before heard that name uttered in America. My stars! What a start hearing it now, so unexpectedly—and while it was already in my mind, too—has given me! I nearly dropped. How my heart flutters!"

All this consumed but a few instants. The lovers had perceived her start of amazement and consternation, but could not imagine its cause.

"My name seems to have surprised, if not alarmed, you, Dame Grippard," remarked Edward, after an exchange of glances with Verneena.

He was of a frank and sincere nature, and therefore found it exceedingly difficult to treat courteously a person of whom he had always heard much evil report, and whom he heartily [illegible]

[illegible]

her the other day—as I am her only living relative, of course I had a right to do that, you know?"

Edward nodded curtly a dry affirmative to this question, and the dame continued, smilingly, but with her soul full of venom:

"And so I know your father's opinion of me—a very atrocious one, unjust opinion it is. From whom, may I ask, did he derive such a false opinion, Mr. Hawksworthy? I am sure your father and I have never met or even corresponded."

"That is true, Dame Grippard. He formed his opinion of you upon what was told to him by a friend in whom he reposes unbounded confidence. It is not necessary for me to give you the name of my father's friend."

"Oh, it does not matter, my young gentleman! Some day your father—after my darling Verneena is his daughter-in-law—will perhaps think better of me. May I ask if his name—your father's name, I mean—is also Edward?"

"My father's first name is Algernon, Dame Grippard."

"Dear love," whispered Verneena to Edward, "pray do not look so contemptuously at her. You will make her your bitter enemy."

"My darling," responded Edward, in the same tone, "I can not help it. Never till now have I had so close a sight of her villainous old visage. I see in its lines cat, fox, snake, toad, spider, and tigress—all in one face. It makes me shudder. Verneena, this woman is capable of committing atrocious crimes."

Dame Grippard had dropped her gaze to the ground the moment she heard the name of Edward's father. She saw nothing of what was passing between the lovers, and heard nothing of their whispering. She was saying to herself:

"Algernon? Algernon Hawksworthy? Algernon? I am sure that I have never heard of anyone so named. No, never. Of that I am sure."

She again fixed her gaze upon Edward, and said, indifferently:

"I have never had the honor and pleasure of hearing your good father's name before. May I ask why you are at Old Anchors this morning?—though, of course, that happened because you had somehow learned that our darling Verneena was to be here—eh? Oh, yes, young lovers are always so ardent—so eager to be with the loved one always! Ah, you see that I have not forgotten that I was once young myself! You would never consider what fond and devoted lovers I and Verneena's grandfather were—oh, yes, even after we had been married many years. We were famous for our devotion to each other. What did you say was the cause of your presence here to-day, Mr. Hawksworthy?"

"Since you have at last given me a chance to answer that, Dame Grippard, I reply briefly. I am here to transact very important business with Mr. Bratton, and for my father's interest also."

"Yah!" thought the startled dame. "His father is perhaps another of Bratton's creditors who has learned that Bratton is at the point of bankruptcy, and who has sent this young whipper-snapper here to get the first and biggest grab at whatever is to be got out of Bratton. My soul! I must look for that! I must be the first to grab! It will take more than I can snatch to pay half of what Bratton owes me."

She now drew nearer to Edward and whined:

"My dear grandson—you will, I am sure, permit me to call you so I shall delight to call you always, and as you are so soon to be my grandson-in-law? My dear grandson——"

But Edward interrupted her with a gesture of mingled anger and disgust, saying, sharply:

"No, no! You are never to call me your grandson, Dame Grippard. Never, remember—neither in public nor in private. Call me simply Mr. Hawksworthy."

"Oh, as you please," she replied, propitiatingly, but nearly choking herself with a quickly swallowed curse of him. "I was only about to say, Mr. Hawksworthy, that I am here myself this beautiful morning to transact some very important business with Mr. Bratton. I wonder, now, if you have come for the same business? To receive money which he owes your father, eh? Mr. Bratton owes me a very large sum—a very large sum, indeed, Mr. Hawksworthy. How much does he owe your honored father, Mr. Hawksworthy?"

"Not a cent, Dame Grippard."

"Ah, I am very glad to hear that, Mr. Hawksworthy."

"On the contrary," continued Edward, "I have come to lend him, from my father, every dollar that he owes you, Dame Grippard."

The old woman's evil face blazed with delight and surprise. She exclaimed in a guarded tone, and for the lovers' ears alone:

"All he owes me, Mr. Hawksworthy? All?"

Edward deigned no more than nod an affirmative.

"Ho, indeed!" said the dame to herself. "It seems that this young gentleman, whom I have taken to be simply a beggarly naval lieutenant, wholly dependent upon his scanty pay, is the son of a very rich man, and has all that money in his care."

"All, did you mean?" she said aloud. "Remember, Mr. Bratton owes me nearly or quite fifty-five thousand dollars."

"I have one hundred thousand dollars for Mr. Bratton's use, Dame Grippard. That sum far more than covers all he owes you."

"It does, it does, indeed, my handsome young grand—I mean Mr. Hawksworthy," continued the dame, [illegible] with delight at the prospect of soon being made [illegible] of money [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] last Thursday in November as the day to observe. It is proper and [illegible] that the custom should be perpetuated in the United States. We are called a Christian nation, and our laws and governmental principles recognize a God [illegible]

[illegible]

The custom [illegible] been very [illegible] Northern and [illegible] the Coast is [illegible]

It is remarkable [illegible] and Christmas [illegible]

Mr. [illegible] upon the express condition that he shall pay you every dollar he owes you, and afterward have no further transactions whatever with you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CURIOUS FACTS.

Nineveh was fifteen miles by nine.

[illegible] degrees is insufficient to kill [illegible] germs.

A society of [illegible] was formed at Rome as early as 376 B. C.

The invention of dice is ascribed to Palamedes of Greece, about 1244.

Forest and Stream relates a story of how a roll of fine-cut tobacco killed a shark.

It was not until 1791 that children in France were secured equal rights in the family.

There are sixteen different instruments bearing names which end in "phone."

No one who parts his name in the middle can secure a patent from the United States.

John Cobb, of Syracuse, N. Y., fired a charge of shot into a man who called him corn Cobb.

The cow bell has been adopted as a political emblem in Wisconsin. It calls the clans together.

Santa Rosa, Cal., has a floral curiosity in the shape of a hollyhock bush that bears jet black flowers.

Kansas has produced a twelve-year-old boy who has stolen over $20,000 worth of horse flesh in twelve months.

A woman in Denver, Col., was so sensitive that when her husband called her a slouch she took poison and died.

It was a not uncommon practice for the poor of the Middle Ages to sell themselves into slavery, or to become slaves for debt.

The Hohenzollerns, the reigning family of Prussia, refers its origin to Thassilo, about 800, who built the castle of Hohenzollern.

An old chap of ninety-two set out to dance at a country picnic in Massachusetts, and the bones of his legs snapped like pipe stems.

Dublin, Ireland, is noted for the manufacture of Irish poplins; Belfast, Ireland, for linens; Philadelphia, Pa., for hosiery, so is Nottingham, England.

The Alcalde of Para, Brazil, has the power, should he meet a subject with his hair parted in the centre, to order his head shaved as clean as a billiard ball and then greased with lard.

A sensation was caused at a Georgia hanging not long ago, when the murderer stepped upon the scaffold, by a lot of his friends applauding him with their hands and throwing him big bouquets of flowers.

Charles Dyer, of Indiana, bet fifty cents that he could cross a highway before a railroad train could hit him. Charles lost by a few seconds, but there is no need to read him a sermon about it. They haven't found but half of him yet.

One of the oldest bits of bric-a-brac is a "dog-pincer," an instrument once in use in Wales to enable the beadle to seize and eject unruly or bad-behaved dogs from church during services. The National Society of French Antiquaries was shown one of these the other day by the learned Celtic scholar Gaidoz.

According to curious old marriage custom, still prevalent in Brittany, the bridegroom, immediately after the priest has wedded the couple, strikes his wife in the face, saying, "This is how you will fare if you make me angry," and then, kissing her, he says, "And this is how you will fare if you treat me well."

What we call a nightmare was supposed by "our Saxon forefathers" to be a demon or vampire called Mara or Mare, that sat upon the chest of a sleeper and gave him horrible sensations. These vampires were thought to be guardians of hidden treasures, and the place where they hid these was called their nidus, or nest.

Some three months ago the water in a Georgia well, some forty feet deep, began to roar and boil in a most alarming manner, and a few weeks later the performance was repeated, so the owner concluded to [illegible] it out and find the trouble. He did—and didn't—for when the bottom was reached there was nothing there, and the well and the mystery are to-day as deep as ever.

Degeneration of the Human Teeth.

The law of retardation exhibits itself in the teeth of the higher races of mankind in a highly inconvenient manner. The greatly developed brain requires all the available room in the skull; there is space left for the attachment of muscles for a powerful jaw. Cooked food also causes a degeneracy in the development of the jaw. There is consequently no room left for either the wisdom teeth or the second upper incisors; the wisdom teeth are retarded, often cause great pain, and decay early. The second incisors appear in startling and unexpected places, and, when in America, especially, do not cut the gum at all. Prof. [illegible] says that "American dentists have observed that the third molar (wisdom teeth) [illegible]

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Cranberry Sauce.

After removing all imperfect or soft berries, wash thoroughly; place for about two minutes in scalding water; skim out or drain, and to every pound of fruit add three-quarters of a pound granulated sugar, a half pint water, and stew over a moderate fire. Be careful to cover, but don't stir the fruit, occasionally shaking the pan if in danger of burning. The berries will thus retain their shape and add to their appearance. Boil from five to seven minutes; remove from fire, turn into a deep dish, and set aside to cool. If to be kept, they can be put up in air-tight jars.

Homemade Toilet Soap.

Careful housewives save even the small bits of soap that have become too little to use. Melt the pieces all together, put in a small bit of Indian meal and a few drops of perfumery. Let this harden in any way desired, stamp on a pattern, or cut with a cake cutter, and the result is a pleasing soap for toilet use. Other bits of soap can be melted in water, and while the mixture is hot stir in oatmeal until there is a stiff batter. For a hand soap this is unequaled when much dirt or deep stains of ink or berries are to be removed. The common yellow soap melted and thickened with scouring sand makes an excellent soap for scrubbing and scouring.—*Graphic.*

Waxing Hardwood Floors.

For waxing a hardwood floor take a pound of the best beeswax, cut it into very small pieces and let it thoroughly dissolve in three pints of turpentine, stirring occasionally if necessary. The mixture should be only a trifle thicker than clear turpentine. Apply it with a rag to the surface of the floor, which should be smooth and perfectly clean. The right amount varies, less being required for close, hard-grained wood, and more if the wood is soft and open-grained. Even professional "waxers" are sometimes obliged to experiment, according to the *Scientific American*, which gives these directions, and novices should always try a square foot or two. When thoroughly dry, rub with a hard brush. If it polishes well repeat the process over the whole floor. If not, remove the wax with sand paper and try again. If the mixture is slow in drying add a little of the common "driers" sold by paint dealers.

How to Utilize Buttermilk.

Buttermilk is used in many ways down South. There is nothing more healthful on a warm day than a glass of fresh buttermilk. In our cooking it is almost indispensable, used with soda in bread making. Clabber is nice made into cream cheese. If you do not have a press made of tin you can make a bag of coarse cloth, into which you pour the clabber till the bag tightens and hang it up to drip. In twelve hours the curd will be ready for use. Serve for breakfast with cream and sugar (with a little nutmeg if you like) or eat with salt and pepper.

Buttermilk Biscuit: Sift together a quart of flour and a teaspoon of soda. Work into it a teaspoon of salt, and a tablespoon of lard or butter (not melted). Add a pint of buttermilk, a little at a time until all is used. Do not work the dough longer than to collect it smoothly. Roll out one-half inch thick and cut with a biscuit cutter. Bake immediately in hot oven for about ten minutes.

Buttermilk Egg Bread: One quart of corn meal, one tablespoon of melted lard, one teaspoon of salt, four eggs beaten until light. Mix these ingredients into one quart of buttermilk, into which has been disolved [illegible]spoon of soda. Pour batter into a pan, which has been heated and well greased, to bake.

Compotes of Fruits.

Compotes are fresh fruits boiled with very little sugar. They are much used by the French, and are an excellent mode of preparing inferior or overripe fruits.

Compotes of Peaches: Cut ripe peaches in half, throw them into boiling water for two or three minutes, then take them out and put in ice water; peel them. Put a pint of water in a saucepan, and set over a brisk fire; let boil, and put the peaches in. As soon as tender take them out, place on a dish, and pour syrup over.

Compote of Oranges: Put a pound of sugar and half a pint of water on to boil. Boil ten minutes, and skim; add the juice of one lemon. Peel a dozen oranges, cut them in halves, remove the seed, and drop a few pieces at a time in the hot syrup, and lay them out on a flat dish. Pour over them the remaining syrup, and set on ice.

Compote of Apples: Peel and quarter large ripe apples. Put in a pan to stew with a little water and sugar to make a syrup. Add pieces of cinnamon bark and lemon peel cut in strips. Let boil, take up the apples, lay in a dish to cool; boil the syrup thick and pour over.

Compote of Pears: Quarter, peel and stew [illegible] pears in a stewpan with a little water and sugar. When tender, take the pears up. Boil the syrup down, add a handful of raisins and a sliced lemon. When thick as jelly pour the syrup over the fruit.

Stuffed Compote: Select some large, ripe apples; pare them, and take out the cores, leaving the apples whole. Cook them in syrup, take up, drain, and bake them a few minutes in a very quick oven. When done, fill the middle with peach or quince marmalade. Then roll each apple in the jelly in which it was boiled. Dish them in the form of a pyramid, put whipped cream around the base, and serve.

Syrup of Compotes: Put a pound of sugar in a kettle with a pint of water, the juice of a lemon, a little powdered cinnamon. Set it over a slow fire, let boil, and skim. Continue to boil until clear and thick. Let cool and bottle. This syrup will keep for months, and is very convenient to have ready for making compotes.—*Courier-Journal.*

Flower Loving Russians.

Ex-Mayor Carter Harrison, of Chicago, has been traveling around the world, and from time to time giving descriptive sketches of the most vivid character of what he has seen, in the Chicago *Mail*. In a recent one, on that wonderful city in the far North, St. Petersburg, he says in reference to flowers and gardening:

The love of flowers seems universal here. It pervades all classes throughout the whole country we have passed through. In cities, towns and villages dwelling-house windows are filled with flowers—in first and in second stories—and often so full that they look like conservatories, and at every station children sell wild flowers.

Hot-houses have been brought to perfection, and one now sees in windows melons so sweet that one almost imagines that they convey their odor through the sense of sight; grapes, peaches, and flowers, palms and ferns of rare perfection. In winter, I am told, there is a vast profusion of hot-house plants. The summers are so short that outdoor flowers are not relied on, and hot-houses are abundant and finely managed.

At a garden fete in honor of the visit of the Emperor of Germany, the many kiosks and pavilions of the park seemed to be beautiful structures in flame, and the flower-gardens under us looked like acres of tulips and hyacinths and crocuses of light. The lamps were so colored as to make this effect of the parterres almost perfect. I counted the lamps in a given space and calculated from these that there must have been over fifty thousand burning in two small sections of the park.

The Inventor of Invisible Patches a Tramp.

A melancholy-looking man, with a shaggy beard, wearing an old slouch hat and trousers with deep fringe around the bottom and a big, shaggy overcoat, stood in front of the Philadelphia post-office, holding his hands on his chest. Everybody looked at him as they passed, and some young fellows jeered at him for wearing an overcoat. The melancholy-looking man paid no attention to them. He wandered up Ninth street aimlessly and shambled up Market street hugging his hands over his chest as he walked. A reporter asked him what he wore an overcoat for with the thermometer at eighty degrees. He spoke in gasps and said: "Because I'm always cold. I can't get my breath hardly half the time. I have been cold for years. I used to work at my trade for eighteen hours a day. I am a shoemaker. I caught cold about ten years ago, and I've had hard work to breathe ever since. Sometimes I'm afraid to go to sleep for fear I'll lose my breath. I'm the man who invented the invisible patch on shoes. That's a good many years ago. Just think of it. I'm the inventor of the invisible patch and I haven't got a cent. I ought to be getting a royalty from every shoemaker in the country. I was a soldier in the Prussian army. I made many a pair of boots for the officers. Where am I going? Nowhere."

The man laughed harshly. Then he coughed with a hacking sound and went wearily on his way.

Mild-Mannered Cannibals.

Every traveler in New Zealand always expresses astonishment, when they discover the cannibal propensities of the inhabitants, that so gentle and pleasant-mannered a people could become on occasion such ferocious savages. Earle, who wrote a very reliable, intelligent and but little known account of the Maoris very early in the present century, speaks of the gentle manners and kindly ways of a New Zealand chief, whom afterward he discovered to be an inveterate cannibal. He relates that he visited the place where was cooking the body of a young slave girl that his friend had killed for the purpose. The head was severed from the body; the four quarters, with the principal bones removed, were compressed and packed into a small oven in the ground, and covered with earth. It was a case of unjustifiable cannibalism. No revenge was gratified by the deed, and no excuse could be made that the body was eaten to perfect their triumph. Earle says that he learned that the flesh takes many hours to cook, that it is very tough if not thoroughly cooked, but that it pulls to pieces, like a piece of blotting paper, if well done. He continues that the victim was a handsome pleasant looking girl of sixteen, and one he used frequently to see about the Pah.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

How to Reduce Fat.

For the reduction of adipose tissue, Banting has, in Germany at least, been superseded by pedestrianism, and the walking is not to be upon level ground, but up-hill. This new fad will certainly not be adopted by indolent persons, and most fleshy people are more or less disinclined to exertion. In fact, laziness is responsible for much of the accumulation of fat. The new relief from obesity has been experimented with by the renowned Bismarck, who has in this manner reduced his weight from two-hundred and seventy-four pounds to one hundred and ninety. The principle of the new system is to strengthen the muscle of the heart, which is best done by climbing heights. The patient is instructed to walk up hill at a slow pace until perspiration comes on, when he is to stop, [illegible] and then to go on. He must walk several hours a day, and [illegible]. [illegible] Professor Oertel, of Munich, is the inventor of this new "obesity and heart cure," and he [illegible] the [illegible] of the heart as well as for all diseases associated with corpulency.—[illegible]

BUDGET O[illegible] FUN.

HUMOROUS SK[illegible]S FROM VARIOUS [illegible]URCES.

Should Bear It [illegible] Mind—Nothing But the Truth—A Better Name—Changed His Mind, Etc., Etc.

Husband—"[illegible] are not the cook my mother used to [illegible], my dear."

Wife—"No, John, fortunately. You mustn't forget that your father died of dyspepsia."—[illegible].

Nothing But the Truth.

Judge—"Prisoner, this is the thirtieth time this year that you have appeared before this tribunal. What brought you here again?"

Prisoner—"To tell the truth, Judge, it was the police."

A Better Name.

Pretty Cousin (to Young Sissy)—"Why, Charley, since I last saw you you have grown quite a beard."

Young Sissy—"Ya'as, Maud; mutton-chop whiskers, you know."

Pretty Cousin—"Oh, are they? Why they look more like lamb-chop whiskers."—*New York Sun.*

The Progress of Science.

Jenkins—"Did you hear of the wonderful operation Dr. Ball performed on Smithers last week?"

Bilkins—"No; what was it?"

Jenkins—"Five years ago Smithers stepped on a tack, and yesterday the doctor removed a ten-penny nail from the arm of Smithers' little boy."—*The Idea.*

Changed His Mind.

Wife—"Shall we go to the picnic to-day, dear?"

Husband—"Just as you say, love."

Wife—"Well, if we go we must take the baby."

Husband—"Oh, by the way, there's all that cordwood to cut and split. I guess I'll stay at home."—*Burlington Free Press.*

In the Same Predicament.

Kirby—"Lend me a fiver, will you, old boy? I'm clean broke."

Mosey—"That's a pretty good ring you wear. Why don't you hock it?"

Kirby—"Couldn't, you know. It's a souvenir of a deceased brother."

Mosey—"Well, my money is a souvenir of a deceased father. Day-day, old fel."—*Time.*

Fun Enough.

It was his first visit to the city. As he stood on the curbstone shaking his sides with laughter, he was accosted by one of New Haven's finest. "What's the fun, stranger?"

"Fun! Can't you see it? Just look how that thing (pointing to a watering-cart) leaks. Why, the blamed fool won't have a drop left when he gets home."—*New Haven News.*

Learning English.

A Frenchman of this city, having received the photograph of a lady, asked a friend what was customary under the circumstances.

"Compliment it," replied the friend. "Tell her its beauty is very rare."

"I beg to make zee acknowledgmong, madame," he said to her at their next meeting. "Zee beauty of madame is very scarce."—*Binghamton Republican.*

Two Brutes.

Magistrate—"What's the charge against this man?"

Officer—"He threw a photograph lens at a baby and cut its head."

Magistrate—"Are you a regular photographer?"

Prisoner—"Yes, your honor. I had been trying for two mortal hours to take a picture of that little imp—I mean little baby, your honor—and—"

Magistrate—"You are discharged. I used to be a photographer myself."—*The Cartoon.*

The Lost Found.

"Well, Miss," interrogated the irate father of a Chicago girl and a new thousand dollar piano, "can you tell me what this is, stuck onto this rosewood like a lump of grafting wax? Have you decided to marry a farmer, and is he giving you lessons in tree-planting?"

"Oh, no," answered the maiden, with a glad ring in her spruce-like voice; "that's my dear old gum. When Harry wanted a song I put it where it would be safe, and then forgot it and thought I'd lost it."—*The Idea.*

A Ruling Passion With Him.

The inquisitive traveler had sat alongside his one-legged victim till everybody had turned in, and still plied him with questions till he wished he had died at the amputation.

"How did you lose your leg?" he asked, as a clincher.

"Well, I'll tell you if you promise not to ask any more questions."

"All right. I won't."

"It was bit off."

"Good-night; am going to bed; but I'd like mighty well to know what bit it off."—*Chicago Times.*

The Expletive That Came to Her.

Wife (plaintively)—"Henry, I wish you wouldn't swear so."

Henry (doubtful)—"I don't swear, my dear."

Wife—"Yes, you do; or just the same thing. You would say 'by thunder,' or 'by Jove,' or 'by [illegible]' or by anything."

Husband (submissively)—"[illegible] a new lesson, love?"

[illegible]

The Court Reversed by Brief.

"Mr. Brief," said the judge, grimly, "it seems to me that you are wasting time; you might as well try to make the court believe that two and two do not make four."

Brief settled his eyeglasses a little more firmly on his nose and responded blandly: "May it please your honor I am prepared to do that. Two and two make 22."

The shadow of a smile played around the corner of the judge's mouth as he sat back in his chair, and said: "You may go on with your argument, Mr. Brief."—*Boston Bulletin.*

A Bad Habit.

"Now, hubby, before we were married we promised to tell each other of our little faults and try to correct them—do you remember, dear?"

"Um-huh," grunted the husband, who was deep in reading the last scandal.

"Well, we've been married a week and I notice a bad habit you have—do you hear?"

"Um-huh."

"Yes, a bad habit you have of not paying attention when one is talking—are you listening to me?"

"Um-hum."

"Of not paying attention, and then when one gets through and asks you something you say: 'Un what?' This is not only aggravating, but impolite, and I want you to break yourself of the disagreeable habit."

"Do what?"—*St. Louis Humorist.*

Would Throw That In.

"My friend," said a tight-fisted banker to a young man who had pulled him out of the water, "I appreciate the fact that you have saved my life, and I am prepared to reward you—to reward you liberally for your services. What can I do for you?"

"Well, sir, there was a suit of clothes spoiled," said the rescuer who was good natured though not educated, "that would be about seventeen dollars; then I lost my hat, that would be fifty cents; then I took considerable liquor to keep off a cold, which cost me a quarter. I don't think of anything else, sir."

"But you do not mention the fact that you have saved my life. What can I do for you on that score?"

"Oh, well, call the whole thing eighteen dollars an' I'll throw the life saving in free."—*Merchant Traveler.*

The Visitor Was Mistaken.

Proprietor (showing visitor through the office)—"This is the editorial department."

Visitor—"Then I suppose that fat, genial-looking chap across there is the obituary editor, and that the thin, cross-looking genius who just threw a paper weight at the office boy, is your funny man?"

Proprietor—"No; both guesses are wrong. You probably obtained your ideas from current paragraphs. The fat, good-natured man is the humorist, and the attenuated gentleman is the writer of the tariff editorials."

Visitor—"Ah, indeed! But this gentleman with the handsome desk, railed in from the rest of the office, attended by a pretty type-writer and two messenger boys? I suppose he is editor-in-chief."

Proprietor—"Wrong again! That is the baseball reporter!"—*The Mess.*

A Congressman's Odd Investigation.

There was a man by the name of Stanton, and he was a Congressman from a Kentucky district some time in the year 1857. Before his election to Congress he had been a bricklayer and a stone mason. During his term some of the contractors engaged on the Capitol extension and improvement got into an imbroglio, and first one and then another began throwing mud, until finally one of them, in his anger, made the charge that the work done by another was of the poorest kind, and that the Capitol building was in danger. It was the first time that any such intimation had ever been made concerning the safety of the Capitol, and it caused considerable alarm, says the Chicago *Times.*

It led to the appointment of an investigating committee by Congress. Mr. Stanton was made Chairman of the committee. It is customary when a Congressional investigating committee is appointed for it to take up quarters in some elaborately furnished committee room, send for witnesses, and then report its findings. Stanton didn't do anything of the sort.

He put on a bricklayer's suit and clothed his committee in the same garb, went out about the Capitol and inside of it armed with the implements which stonemasons and bricklayers use. They examined the work that had been done, and found that there was not one word of truth in what the quarreling contractors had charged. The committee so reported and was discharged.

That was, so I am told, the only time that any charge of fraud in the construction of the National Capitol was ever made.

Radishes.

Radishes were known in England in the days before this century, or in certain portions of the island, by the names of "radicle" and "radic." It is generally believed that we are indebted to the Chinese for the radish, and it is said that before the Christian era this vegetable had had the honor of having a book written about itself. [illegible] of radishes that were cultivated in China, one of the kinds being so transparent that a person could see through the roots.

"If you start on a journey," says an old book of wisdom, [illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

[illegible] LOURY. C. F. MOORE.

LOURY & MOORE,
PROPRIETORS.

"A Ruler of Men."

New York World: The report that Mr. Blaine is anxious to have a seat in the Cabinet can hardly be believed. Anybody looking at the portrait of Benjamin Harrison will note that he is a man desirous to have all things to be known as a ruler of men. He will never consent to be overshadowed by such men as Blaine and Sherman. He means to be President himself. Mr. Blaine might as well make up his mind that he will not be admitted to the Tippecanoe Cabinet.

The great oil fields of New York and Pennsylvania are becoming rapidly exhausted. The former supply of 100,000 barrels a day has fallen off to 43,000 barrels a day. The wonderful Bradford field, of Pennsylvania, that has produced 140,000,000 barrels of oil, is now practically dry. About 500 new wells are now being sunk in Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia, in the hope of finding new oil basins.

A negro was arrested in Chicago last week for robbery who was found to speak fluently German, French, Greek, Spanish, English, and several Indian dialects. He was born in Madrid of a Spanish mother, and was, before the war, a servant in the household of Gen. Nathaniel Lyon, who was killed at the battle of Springfield.

In Wichita, Kan., a painter bet his hat, coat, boots and socks on Cleveland, agreeing to go home without them if he was caught down town by the other fellow. He was so caught and fulfilled his wager, notwithstanding it was a cold day for him.

The tedious work of removing boulders and the remnants of an ancient forest from the bed of the Thames River still goes on. It began seven years ago. At last accounts 300 trees and 1,300 boulders had been taken out. The latter varied in weight from one to four tons.

A little girl was sitting on the floor when the sun shone in her face. "Go'way! go'way!" she cried, striking out at it. "You move, dear, and it won't trouble you," said her mamma. "I s'ant; I dot here first," said the little one.—Youth's Companion.

It is expected the new Senator from Michigan will be James McMillan, president of the Michigan Car Company, and possessing a private fortune estimated at $15,000,000.

The towers of the proposed suspension bridge to be built across the Hudson above Peekskill will be 327 feet high and the span 1,620 feet.

Police Judge—sternly: Prisoner at the bar— Prisoner—interrupting: Yes, sir, that's me. I was at the bar, but I swear I was'nt drunk.

ingly defeated. Mr. Ferguson is the ablest lawyer in the state, and perhaps he will now be considered one of the best prophets above ground.—Ex.

Gen. B. F. Butler rejoices in the election of Harrison. Possibly because his first name is Ben.

Horace Greeley, a brother of Horace, lives in an old fashioned, weather-beaten farm house near the village of Columbus, in Warren county, Pa. He is eighty years old and very poor.

The $10 bills spent in Indiana by the Republican campaign committee have been proved to be $1 bills altered.

Our present system of election laws is the growth of experience, and progress is steadily being made toward registering the will of the voters. The most important requirements are now the registration of voters, the closing of the polls at 4 o'clock in cities, the secret ballot, and the destruction of ballots after they are counted. Not all these provisions are in force in every State, and the provisions for a secret ballot are no where perfect as yet, but all these requirements are to come, and should be urged by all good citizens everywhere. Registration is absolutely necessary to prevent frauds. The closing of the polls at 4 o'clock in afternoon requires the voting to be completed earlier, before returns from remote districts are received, thus lessening the danger of tampering with returns in cities, where fraud is most likely to occur. The reasons for a secret ballot are the protection of the voter from undue influence; and we are learning that it is necessary to so arrange the voting places as to make it absolutely impossible for any person to tell how another votes unless he himself makes the statement. The destruction of the ballots is a late provision in the State of New York, and should be adopted everywhere. At first it would seem that ballots should be preserved to be recounted in case of dispute, but experience has shown that it is impossible to guard them for any length of time. After the election is over and it is known just how many votes are wanted, if a recounting is ordered it becomes easy for those in possession of the ballots to fix them to order. There is no reason why a second count should be more accurate than a first. The best provission, therefore, is to throw around the first count all possible safeguards, so that it is as likely to be correct as any thereafter made—more likely, because the canvassers do not know the result in other places—and then destroy the ballots.—Ex.

Unpopular at Home.

Chicago News: Gen. Harrison is not popular in Indianapolis. He is too cold and unresponsive. He can be almost clammy when he wishes. The result was that in a Presidential election into which every element of city and county pride entered he carried Indianapolis by 156 votes, but lost the county—Marion—by 387, although Marion county gave Blaine 220 plurality in 1884. In his old regiment—the Tenth Indiana—he was also unpopular, although the veterans of that body met this evening and the President was present. As one of the veterans said, Harrison in the army was a martinet of the most severe sort and as particular about unimportant details as an old maid. Sleeping on a log in a swamp he had headquarter guards stationed around him. He was a fighter, tho', and he won respect where he could not win love.

There will be general rejoicing that the will of the late Samuel J. Tilden has been sustained by the Supreme Court of New York. The will was drawn by himself, and left $4,000,000 for the purpose of founding a public library in New York City. It was contested by his nephew, on the ground of vagueness. The property was left in the hands of trustees, and great latitude was allowed them in executing the provisions of the will. It would seem that if such a lawyer as Tilden could not draw up a will that would be sustained by the courts, there would be an end to all certainty of controlling a great estate after one's death.

Senator Arkell, the owner and editor of Judge, is said to have his eye on the London Consulship. Having secured the cooperation of Mr. Depew, he feels quite confident.

THE SURPRISE.

Joy met Sorrow in a place
Where the branches interlace,
Very secret, still and sweet,
Safe from all profaning feet.
"Why art here?" Joy, startled, cried;
"Why art here?" gray Sorrow
sighed.

"I came here to weep," said joy.
"Tears are my sweet employ,"
Murmured Sorrow. "Yet I see
Tears as grateful were to thee.
Come, young novice, and be taught
How to ease thy heart o'erfraught."

Joy sat down at Sorrow's feet,
And was taught a lesson sweet.
Fain would he make kind return;
"Sorrow, art too old to learn?
Nay? Then tarry yet awhile,
Till I've taught thee how to smile!"

Since that hour the two have been
Bound as by mysterious kin;
Since that hour they so exchange
Tears and smiles, 'tis nothing
strange
If sometimes a puzzled heart
Scarce can tell the twain apart.
—Edith Thomas.

The people of the United States use annually about seven postal cards for every man, woman and child; that is to say, our total consumption for a year reaches four hundred million, which is considerably more than are employed by the rest of the world. This enormous number are all printed, cut apart, counted, and wrapped up in packages of twenty five, by machinery that would stand comfortably in a small bed-room, and that requires no assistance whatever from any operative, so long as it is supplied with paper, ink and paste.

Lexington, Ky., abounds in historical relics. The house from which John Morgan, the celebrated "Raider," went out, and which is still occupied by his mother; the house where Marquis de Lafayette lodged when visiting there, and the house where Jefferson Davis boarded when attending law school, are there. The House and farm belonging to Henry Clay, now Ashland Park are just beyond the city limits. The Statue of John Cable Breckenridge is in the Public Square.

About one half the Republican vote in New Hampshire wants to come to the United States Senate.

Papa: Johnnie, what do you want to be when you grow up?

Johnnie: Well I ain't particular, so long's I don't grow up to be a little boy that mamma can spank every time anything goes wrong in the house.

A brilliant thinker and theater-goer writes to say that Secretary Whitney goes to the theater so much that he is known in certain circles as the Bill of the play.

DYSPEPSIA.

[illegible]

The underlying cause is in the LIVER,

[illegible]

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

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Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court,	H. A. Holt.
Prosecuting Attorney,	R. S. Turk.
Sheriff,	J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff,	B. C. Hill.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts,	J. [illegible] Beard.
Assessor,	C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct.	S. H. Clark, Pres't. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Surveyor,	Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

L. M. McCLINTIC. C. F. MOORE.

McCLINTIC & MOORE,

Attorneys-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

A. STOFER,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER,

Atty-at-Law & Notary Public,
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DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

DR. S. P. PATTERSON,

Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.

DR. W. O. TOWNSEND.

Physician & Surgeon,
ACADEMY, W. Va.

Distinguished Business Educator

[illegible]

Itching Piles

[illegible]

FARMERS AND THE TARIFF.

That the farmers supported the high-tariff policy in the recent election as zealously as ever, while the workingmen in the manufacturing centres voted in increasing numbers in opposition to that policy, is a fact now generally recognized and taken as a landmark for future contests. The *Tribune* makes it the basis of an argument in favor of an increase of duties on farm products. "The Democratic House," it says, "proposed to cut off more than half of all the duties collected to protect farm industry. The answer of the people was to elect a Republican President, a Republican House, and the astonishing votes in the farming States are still ringing in the ears of tariff reformers. The logical inference is that the majorities in these farming States want the things done which they petitioned Congress to have done, they want the tariff made to serve its purpose, and do not want it broken down or left just as it is," quoth the *Tribune*.

We shall not deny that the American farmer is still willing and even anxious to be plucked for the benefit of other people; but we deny that he was harmed by the Mills bill in any degree whatsoever. The only farm product put on the free list by the Mills bill was wool, and as to that it has been shown that the three largest wool-producing States showed a loss rather than a gain of Republican votes in the election. The duties on wheat and other cereals, on dairy products, on hops, hay, honey, potatoes, and live animals were not changed by the Mills bill. If these duties had all been repealed the farmers would not have been injured, and if they had been doubled they would have received no benefit. We import a few potatoes when we have a short crop, and we export some when we have a large crop; but the amount is insignificant, and it affects only the Atlantic seaboard and the northwestern border line in any case. As to the great bulk of agricultural produce, no tariff, however high, would raise the price a penny, for the reason that they constitute the major part of our exports, and have to be sold in foreign markets alongside and in competition with the like produce of every country on the globe. The American farmer is thus brought face to face with the labor of the Russian peasant, the Indian ryot, and the Egyptian fellah. What they get for their productions he can get. Not a farthing more could he get if the importation of grain were prohibited by law. But as a matter of fact the Mills bill did not touch the duties on these articles at all.

Notwithstanding the vote of the farming States in the recent election, the superstition of the agricultural classes are not incurable. There is no mind so dull that it cannot be made to comprehend the fact that the tariff is an injury to the man who sells in a cheap market and buys in one made artificially dear. Nor is it true that abstract ideas regarding the tariff were the most moving considerations among the farmers in the recent campaign. The fact that the proposed reform of the tariff was of Southern parentage had a great influence in the rural districts. It revived the memories of the war and enlisted a sectional feeling that would otherwise have remained dormant. If the Mills bill had been the Scott bill or the Springer bill, it would have been by far the more acceptable to the farmers of the North. It is easy to say now that, without any change in its provisions, a measure having a Northern origin and name would have been much stronger in the North. It is not the fault of Mr. Mills, of the two Breckinridges, of Mr. Wilson of West Virginia, and other Southern members that they were the most conspicuous advocates of the measure; but their prominence was not without its influence in the farming communities, where new ideas are slow to gain lodgment, and where old memories have their strongest hold.

The battle joined in the recent campaign is only begun. When we consider how short a time was allowed for the work of education, and how great a gain was made among those who could be reached, and what odds of money and intimidation were arrayed on the other side, the advocates of tariff reform have abundant cause for encouragement, and every reason to believe that when they shall have had equal opportunity to reach American farmers their success with them will be commensurate with that which they have undeniably achieved among the operatives in towns and cities. —N. Y. Weekly Post.

White House Social Duties.

Mrs. Cleveland's social duties are greater than is generally supposed. She assists the president at his state receptions, and sits opposite him at state dinners. She is considered the social head of the administration, and she is, indeed, the mistress of the white house. The gorgeous floral decorations of the state reception rooms are subject to her approval; and she stands with the president whenever he receives his guests in a social way. The state dinners of the president are perhaps the grandest social affairs of the American court, and to be invited to the white house to one of these is the social event of a lifetime. The white house blazes with light. The Marine Band plays in the vestibule. The great east room becomes a tropical flower garden, and its white and silver pillars are wreathed with garlands and hung with flower shields, upon which have been woven American eagles of pink and roses. It is here that Mrs. Cleveland stands with the president and receives the thirty or fifty guests who have been invited to the dinner, and it is from here that she is escorted to the state dining room by the most honored of the party. The dining-room sparkles with cut glass and silver, and the dinner of many courses is gotten up by French cooks. The dantiest of viands are washed down with rare old wines, and a number of glasses stand by each plate save that of Mrs. Cleveland. The president's wife has, as far as her own example goes, espoused the cause of temperance. She drinks nothing at these dinners but Apollinaris water, and though she does not endeavor to regulate the tastes of others, she does not touch wine herself. At her state receptions she shakes hands with from 300 to 500 persons on every such night during the season. It is said that she has shaken hands with more than 100,000 people during the past winter. She is a good hand shaker and each caller receives a warm grasp and a decided pressure. In most cases this is accompanied by a cordial smile, and those who have the pleasure of chatting with Mrs. Cleveland for a short time become her friends.—Cosmopolitan.

The Vermont Legislature has prohibited the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine.

"He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Wonderful promise spoken by God himself. "I" and "thee" together, the Infinite God in Christ and finite man constant companions! So He says, and so we walk side by side along our pilgrim pathway. If we really believe this, surely it would simplify, and hallow, and calm our daily life. In these few words every Christian may find the sweetest solaces of pain, and the most blessed inspirations of heroism.—Rev. S. M. Hamilton.

FRUIT.—In Northern Germany the highways are shaded with fruit-trees. This was started fifty years ago by a peddler who planted every seed with his staff while travelling through the country. If the enterprising farmer's boy would make it his habit to drop the seed of fruit he may be eating in the fence corner, when passing from place to place, it would not be long until there would be plenty of fruit, which could be improved by grafting; and not only this, but new varieties would be produced that would *prove of value.*

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years, ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says:

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen: I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure if they would take it according to directions.

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We will give $100 for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.

J. F. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo O.

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Put it in Writing.

Verbal contracts occasion more trouble, dispute and litigation than any other business transactions. The wise merchant taught by experience will endeavor to have a writing executed by the party to be charged, in every case of importance arising in his business. This is especially necessary of guruntees. A man enters your office whom you know to be perfectly responsible. He tells you to sell Brown a thousand dollars' worth of goods. Brown is all right; he will answer for that, etc. Make him sign a memorandum.

A customer gives you a large order for future and installment deliveries. Make him sign it in writing.

You engage a salesman for a year, or for a month, or for a trial trip. Have it all put down in writing and signed.

You save taking your chances before a jury, who nine times out of ten prove uncertain and too sympathetic with that party they consider is the "under dog."

It is only a little trouble at the time, but it usually saves a heap of trouble in the future.—Trade Mark Record.

Chief Inspector James, of St. Paul, says: The amount of wheat in sight this year in Minnesota and Dakota is about 30,000,000 bushels less than last year at this time.

The number of female medical students entered at Paris this term is 114, of whom 90 are Russian, 12 French and 6 English, with 1 American, 1 Austrian, 1 Greek and 1 Turk. The number of students at the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia this fall is 164.

Richard A. Proctor left the Roman Catholic Church because the priests told him that his scientific beliefs were heretical.

Never sun feather beds; air them thoroughly on a windy day in a cool place. The sun draws the oil and gives the feathers a rancid smell.

According to Rev. Elizabeth W. Greenwood, there are 2,432 physicians and surgeons, 165 ministers and 75 lawyers in this country who are women.

The official canvass of the vote of New York shows Harrison's plurality is 13,399. Hill's plurality is 18,126. Total vote, 1,284,392. Total Prohibition vote, 30,092; about 8,000 more than in 1884.

Much damage is reported by recent violent gales on the west coast of Great Britian. At the city of Glasgow, where the storm assumed the force of a hurricane the exhibition building was partly wrecked.

Very dirty furniture should be washed off with a flannel cloth dipped in equal parts of strong vinegar and water before it is polished. It not only removes the dirt, but has a tendency to smooth the varnish that has become rough through long use. After applying the vinegar, dry the furniture instantly and thoroughly, and at once rub it with a flannel that has been dipped in linseed oil and carefully wrung out. Finish with a dry flannel, rubbing hard and long, and your furniture will look like new.

Eggs can be kept perfectly for six months, by coating each one with the white of egg. Apply it with the finger so that every spot is touched, then pack the eggs in a box, in any position you wish, putting a layer of paper between every layer of eggs, and set the box away in a cool, dry place. The white of one egg will coat from eight to ten dozen. I have tried this recipe for five years, and have never known it to fail.—Mrs. Addie Smith.

GRAPES.—There is no fruit that takes so little space and makes so large a return for the labor as grapes. Now is the time to get cuttings. They should be cut with three or four eyes. Put them in a bundle, bury them in the ground below frost until spring, when they may be taken up after all danger of frost is gone, and set with two eyes in the ground. It is best to put two or three together, for some may die, and if all live they can be removed in another year. On farms they may be set in the fence corners or near small trees, and in two or three years a fine crop of grapes will reward the effort.

Havanna Journal.—A bushel of corn makes four gallons of whisky. It sells for $16 at retail. The Government gets $3.60, the farmer 40 cents, the railroad $1, the manufacturer $4, the vender $7, and the drinker all that is left—delirium tremens.

The best housekeeper could find a leak somewhere, if she only knew in which direction to look. With many, it is to be found in the cupboard. There was more provided than used and she didn't know how to utilize it. The making of appetizing little dishes from odds and ends is not sufficiently considered in this country and should be made a study by all good housewives.

AGRICULTURAL.

TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

Preventing Fermentation of Cider.

There are many different ways of preventing fermentation, but in any case the cider ought to stand in large open casks long enough to ferment slightly, so as to cause a considerable scum to rise to the surface, when it may be skimmed off, and also give time for the sediment to settle at the bottom before anything else is done with it. Nothing is more important than to abstract by natural means the minute particles of pomace that are held in solution by the cider.

A quite effective way of cleansing the cider and preventing after fermentation is to scald it just after it has been slightly fermented and settled. To do this it may be drawn off or dipped out of the casks into large copper kettles, or for large quantities an old copper still, holding three or four barrels, will be better. When fire is applied the heat will cause a large amount of scum to rise at once to the top to be skimmed off.

The heating should cease as soon as the boiling is reached, when the cider is again placed in clean, open casks to stand and settle until it has become entirely cold, when it may be drawn into barrels and tightly bunged.

The effect of the scaling, if done at the right time, is two-fold. It quite thoroughly cleanses the cider and stops the fermentation at the right point to leave it a sweet and pleasant drink. While cider thus treated will afterward taste somewhat of the scalding, it will not be unpleasant to those who like it sweet, and is to be preferred to cider in which the fermentation has been arrested by mustard seed or chemicals. Cider so any of these ways will not afterward make good vinegar.

Where the quantity of cider to be made will not justify the expense of casks, the cider may be fermented and settled in barrels, bungs open, by drawing from one to another.—*New York World.*

Plows and Plowing.

The plow has long been used as the symbol of agriculture. The finely made and beautifully ornamented steel plow which Victoria sent to the Queen of Madagascar was years afterward found by some missionaries, who had penetrated into the interior of the island, in a temple. It had its place among the representation of the deities the natives worshipped and was recognized as the God of agriculture. They did not employ it in their fields, or leave it in a furrow to rest, as western farmers might have done. They prostrated themselves before it and prayed that they might have large crops of grain. In a museum in Canada is a collection of the plows used in all ages and in most countries. They are arranged in a long row. The first plow is a portion of a tree, one branch being used to attach an animal to and another used as a handle. By their order they show the evolution of the plow that is now employed in the most advanced countries. Attempts have been made to show that the progress of agriculture may best be shown by improvements in the plow that turns the soil.

It is generally acknowledged that the best plows in the world are made in this country. It is also admitted that the work done with them is very poor. Observing travelers state that much better plowing is done in Great Britain and in many portions of the continent of Europe than in this country. This state of things is explained by assuming that very excellent plows lead to carelessness in the use of them. When an implement can be depended upon to do good work it is often if not generally placed in the hands of a person who has little judgment, experience or skill. None but an expert can do good plowing with a poor plow. In England, as in some other countries, the plowman ranks above the common farm laborer. He is regarded as a skilled workman. Ordinarily he does nothing but guide the plow. He makes a careful study of the business and becomes very expert. In this country boys and girls tend machines in great manufacturing establishments and turn out articles that can only be made by skilled mechanics who use common tools. On our farms incompetent persons are trusted with the use of plows and are expected to do good work because the plows are so easy to manage.

Large farms and low prices for grain have a tendency to make plowing poor. When a plow can be run half a mile without meeting with an impediment the person holding it does not acquire the skill of one who plows among stumps and stones. He relies on his plow to do everything. He seems to forget that a tool is not endowed with intelligence. The appearance of fields in many parts of the country show that skillful plowing has become a lost art. Perhaps it would be more nearly correct to say that it is an art that has never been acquired. Plowing is so badly done in many parts of the country that it is not strange that a variety of implements have been brought out for supplementing the work that should be done with the plow. The first settlers of the country had nothing but a wooden plow and a home-made harrow, which was often no more than some branches of trees bound together, with which to prepare land for raising a crop of grain. Farmers of the present day have clod-crushers, revolving pulverizers, rollers, and half a dozen kinds of harrows with which to do the same work. Still old farmers declare that soil is not as well prepared for seeding as it was in the good old days when they were young.—*Chicago Times.*

[illegible] from the Grainfields.

Sowing [illegible] wheat is an attempt [illegible] with light soils.

He who well drains, manures and prepares the ground, can grow profitable crops of wheat on almost every soil.

It is a general rule, with not more than the usual exceptions, that the finer the seed-bed the larger the yield of wheat.

Wheat can be safely grown on lands that would be ruined by washing and gullying were cultivated crops kept on them.

It pays richly to save wheat straw carefully, though it is used only as an absorbent. Western farmers may smile, but it is true.

The man who whitewashed his granaries with boiling hot wash, putting it in all the cracks, did not fear the miller's examination of his wheat.

Treat your grain crops with an eye to the value of the straw as well as of the grain, and in the spring it will not be said of your cattle, as it was said of Ephraim, that they "feed upon wind."

A patch of rye and timothy seeded together always comes "pat." The rye will make pasture in the spring even earlier than bluegrass, and by the time the rye fails the timothy will be ready. There is nothing like a steady succession of pasturage.

Rye may be sown in the fall and clover on it in the spring. The rye can be cut for the straw (which frequently sells for the same price per ton as the best hay) as soon as the blossom falls, and there will be a good growth of clover for pasture. In this way poor land may be made to yield a respectable income while being improved.—*American Agriculturist.*

The Prince of Wales Spanked.

The following, taken from a paper printed in Aberdeen, Scotland, in 1844, is now going the rounds of the press: Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, accompanied by the Prince Consort and the royal children, visited Scotland for the first time, and tarried a long time on her way at Balmoral. On the trip the yacht, in which the people traveled by water, called at Aberdeen, and, of course, the loyal inhabitants of that city turned out in large numbers to do honor to their beloved sovereign. A guard of honor, consisting of the merchants of the place, was formed, and, in all the glory of black broadcloth and white kids, paraded on the edge of the dock to which the vessel moored at just sufficient distance to prevent people from stepping on board. Seats were erected on the bank, tier above tier, like those of a circus, to accommodate the thousands that assembled to gaze on the spectacle of an anointed Queen.

Her Majesty good naturedly remained on deck to gratify as much as possible the curiosity of the bonny Scots, and promenaded about in full view of the immense crowd. The Prince of Wales, a child of about five or six years, was with her. Among other things placed on the deck for the accommodation of the Queen was a costly and very splendid sofa, ornamented with tassels; and the Prince, like other boys of that age, being of a destructive turn, began to pull at one in a manner that threatened to detach it. His mother observed the act, and ordered him to desist. He did so, but as soon as her back was turned seized the tassel again to give another jerk. The Queen appeared to have expected something of the kind, for she was at that moment watching him from the corner of her eye. In an instant she turned, and seizing the luckless heir apparent of England by the "scruff of the neck," elevated one of her feet upon the sofa, hoisted the youngster over her knee, adjusted him in the position mutually familiar to parents and children generally, when such ceremonies are to be performed, and gave him a sound spanking.

It may be proper to mention, en passant, for the information of youths who sometimes find themselves similarly circumstanced, that the illustrious sufferer kicked and bellowed under the afflictive dispensation quite as lustily as boys of lowlier birth are wont to do. The amazement with which the spectators witnessed the example of royal domestic discipline may be imagined, but scarcely described in fitting terms. A dead silence prevailed for a moment, but was suddenly broken by a tremendous roar of laughter, which could not be suppressed by any thought of decorum, respect for the Queen, or sympathy for the victim of her displeasure. The explosion recalled the royal mother to a sense of her position, and, having turned toward the crowd for a moment, her face suffused with crimson, she hastily descended into the cabin, and was seen no more by the expectant populace.

Feeding a Mare With a Spoon.

John H. Wilson, of Norristown, Penn., owns a pure white Arabian mare, which is being fed with the aid of a spoon to keep it from starving. The animal is suffering from a singular fracture of the jaw bone, the result of being kicked by a horse. The injury is known in veterinary surgery as a fracture of the lower maxilla posterior to the incisor teeth. Both bones of the jaw were broken completely off, and the lower portion of the jaw is now being held in place by a mask of pliable copper, lined with cotton.

Three veterinary surgeons reduced the fracture, and the case is without a parallel in veterinary surgery. An entire day was consumed in dressing the injury. The copper mask is kept tightly pressed against her head, and her mouth is kept in a bucket of water to reduce the swelling of the jaw. She is kept in canvas slings, and is in a comfortable position. The nourishment consists of milk, eggs, oatmeal, butter and gruel. This diet is administered with a spoon, the mouth being open only about an inch. The attending veterinary surgeon, Dr. H. O. [illegible] of this place, has hopes that the animal will entirely recover.—*New York Times.*

A ladder of [illegible] is often a [illegible]

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

To Clean Paint Work.

A steamboat steward says that housekeepers should go to a steamboat for lessons on cleaning paint work. The cabin of a steamboat, painted a clear white, is kept quite as if the painter had just left it, being not only clear, but having a beautiful polish. All that is necessary is a little water, a sponge, pure castile soap, and a smooth cloth for rubbing after the dirt has been washed off with the sponge. The rubbing restores the polish. Many people paint every year, whereas if the paint is washed in this way it will show clear and with a high polish for four or five years.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Use Plenty of Apples.

Apples are abundant and cheap this year, says the New York *Witness*, and there is no more useful fruit. Raw, stewed, baked or preserved, they are wholesome, toothsome and nutritious. The fall apples are the most juicy and delicious, but do not keep, and for that reason have to be sold cheap. Every good-sized family should buy a barrel of them at once for immediate use, and save them from spoiling by eating them up. A considerable portion of them might also be made into jelly by coring them and boiling skin and all. Red apples are best for this purpose, as the color of the skin gives a fine rich tint to the jelly. A liberal allowance of lemon juice should be added to the apple juice and an equal weight of sugar, and the whole boiled into a jelly. It is the cheapest of all jellies, and remarkably good when well made. Bought apple jelly is not nearly so nice, and can seldom be relied upon. It is frequently made from the refuse of the evaporating establishments, that is, the cores, and skins and wormy apples.

Pickles.

For pickles of all kinds use the best cider vinegar and not an acid, vinegar, so-called. It cannot be too strong, as it is weakened when scalded. Unscalded vinegar does not keep well with pickles. Never use a metal vessel in pickling; it should be either granite ware or porcelain. Pickles should be examined frequently and the soft ones taken out. If white specks appear in the vinegar drain it off and scald; add a half teacup of sugar to each gallon and pour again over the pickles. A few bits of horse radish or a few cloves added will improve the flavor.

All vegetables or fruits for pickling, except for sweet pickles, should be sound, but not quite ripe. Do not scald cucumbers, but soak them in salt and water. Boiled beets can be pickled whole, first removing the outer skin, to be sliced when required. Vegetables that require to be boiled or scalded before pickling will be whiter if a little lemon or green grape juice is added to the water, as cabbage, cauliflower, white beets or onions. For green vegetables put a little soda in the water to preserve the color. Care should be taken not to scald too much, or they will be soft and tasteless.

Always have the vegetables or fruit perfectly cold before pouring over the vinegar, which should be in all cases very hot.

A good average of spices to a quart of pickles is an even teaspoon each of allspice and peppercorns, one-half a teaspoon of mustard seed, a piece of Jamaica ginger one inch long and a tablespoon of stick cinnamon broken.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Household Hints.

Use a warm knife in cutting warm bread and the like.

A paste of whiting and benzine will remove spots from marble.

A salt ham should be soaked over night in plenty of soft water previous to boiling.

After washing a wooden bowl place it where it will dry equally on all sides, away from the stove.

Fruit stains on white goods can be removed by pouring boiling water directly from the kettle over the spots.

Hive sirup is good for croup or inflammation of the lungs. It must be kept in a cool place, for if it sours it is very poisonous.

If you want poached eggs to look particularly nice cook each egg in a muffin ring placed in the bottom of a saucepan of boiling water.

A creaking hinge can be cured by the use of a black lead pencil of the softest number, the point rubbed into all the crevices of the hinge.

Corks may be made air and water tight by keeping them for five minutes under melted paraffine. They must be kept down with a wire screen.

For cleaning brass use a thin paste of plate powder, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, four tablespoonfuls of alcohol. Rub with a piece of flannel; polish with chamois.

Suet should be cooked before it is stale. Boil for two or three hours, then strain through a linen cloth. One-fourth of this fat and three-fourths lard is a good mixture for frying doughnuts.

Be very particular about disinfecting the kitchen sink. Washing soda, two tablespoonfuls to a gallon of boiling water, makes an excellent wash to pour hot into the sink at after you have finished using it.

It has been estimated that if the heat generated within the body were allowed to accumulate within us, and none to be given off, it would be sufficient to raise the body to the boiling point in thirty-six hours.

According to Pasteur and Chamberland, typhoid bacillus is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred communicated through drinking water.

STRANGE SHIPS.

A NOVEL EXHIBITION IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

Queer Boats From All Parts of the World—Secrets of Navigation Known By Rude Savages.

There is a department in the National Museum that would delight any rightly constituted boy, or man, either—for a man never outgrows his boyhood interest in boats and ships and the mysteries of navigation. This department tells the story of the ship. It is not a written or printed story, but one told by the collection of rafts, canoes, catamarans and ships that fill a large exhibition hall.

An old idea was that the first boat was a log. There are, however, treeless lands, where the people have no logs to begin with. They start, perhaps, by making boats of skins. In some parts of the world, where there are neither logs nor skins available, savage men construct boats or rafts by binding together in sheaves.

From the log the next step is to the dug-out, which savages fashioned by hollowing out a log with fire or rude tools. When savages began to make bark canoes they took quite a step toward the modern ship, as a bark canoe, with its frame-work and outer covering, illustrates in a rudimentary way important principles involved in the shipbuilder's art. Savages, too, observed that the wind could be used to propel their boats. It is supposed that the first sail was a bush. From the bush the savage went to a piece of skin or bark, or a matting rudely triced up on a pole. It is curious to note that the forms of sails used on yachts and ships of the most highly civilized people have been developed naturally from the primitive forms used by savage people.

The primitive is either a square or a lateen or triangular sail. The lateen sail is so named because it is the form used on the Mediterranean by people of the Latin races. When men learned more of the shipbuilding art, and boats grew bigger, the lateen sail was enlarged, booms were projected fore and aft, and the sail extended so as to reach beyond the bows in front and beyond the stern in the rear.

Near the centre of the hall a kyak from the Greenland coast, made of skins by the Esquimaux, hangs from the ceiling. It is decked over as tight as a drum, and the ends are sharpened and curved up. In the centre is a hole in the deck just large enough to admit a man's body. The Esquimaux, when in his kyak, sits squarely on the bottom, his legs stretched out before him, all of his body below the waist being under deck. He has a garment or coat of skin, the lower edges of which are fastened to the rim of the hole or cockpit, thus making it water-tight. In this cockel-shell of a boat the Esquimaux, with paddle and spear in hand, hazards his life on rough Arctic seas in pursuit of seal or walrus, "a human nautilus upon the tide." There are kyaks, too, from Alaska, and from other Arctic regions. Bidarkas, or skin boats from the Aleutian Islands, are decked over like Esquimaux kyaks, and are ornamented with colored fringes at the seams, just as Indians love to ornament their clothing.

Some of the bidarkas are "three-holed," or have places for three men to sit in them, and to the little models shown in the Museum miniature spears are lashed just as the Indians lash their spears to their boats when they start out to hunt seal.

The rudest form of the bark canoe shown in the collection is from British Guiana. It was made merely by taking a single sheet of bark of suitable size, curling up the sides and then stiffening the edges by means of slender splints bound to them with thongs. The ends of the canoe are left open and the savage navigator has to use much skill to prevent water from washing in at stem or stern. An Indian canoe, made by the Passamaquoddy Indians of Maine, is shown as a model of this type. It is made of birch bark, over light wooden frame, with one thwart amidships. The bark is sewed together at the ends and to the gunwales with dyed wooden fiber. It has a round bottom—the ends being alike, sharp and curved upward.

A balsa or swimming raft from the East Indies is made simply of long bundles of rushes bound together. A catamaran from Madras, India, is made of logs, bound together with ropes and fashioned so that they tend to a point and bend upward slightly in front. This is used as a surf boat. When a heavy swell threatens the craft the native mariner deserts it altogeter, jumping into the wave and then clambering upon it when he comes to the surface again. On this craft, too, he sometimes sets up a tiny mast and hoists a bit of cotton as a sail.

A simple dugout, perhaps the simplest, is a "donga" from Jessore, India. It is made from the stem of the tar palm. The natural form of the tree, with its bulbous end, is preserved, and the boat looks like a big spoon. The native sits in the bow of the spoon or boat, and his weight keeps the other end out of the water.

A dugout made by Chinese fishermen is a log completely hollowed out from end to end. Instead of gouging the logs so as to leave the ends solid, the simple Chinaman cuts out the ends then stops them up again with pieces of wood made to fit the apertures. A dugout from Patna, India, made from the trunk of a Semul tree, looks much like a shallow wooden trough with square ends.

The Indians of the northwest coast of America developed the art of making boats from single logs to the highest degree. The huge cedar trees that grow on the coast, the wood being soft enough to be worked with their rude tools, afforded them a natural opportunity that they did not neglect. The great canoe that is suspended from the ceiling on one side of the hall and makes all other canoes look like pigmies, is a specimen of the work of the Haidah Indians and was brought to the museum from the Queen Charlotte Islands, British Columbia. It was hewn out of a single log of yellow cedar. The length is fifty-nine feet and the beam eight feet. The ends are sharp and alike, the stem being carried up and finished in an angular sort of ornament suggested the outline of a head of some aquatic animal. The body of the canoe is painted a dingy white, and at each end is a series of figures painted in white, blue and green, rude circles and rhomboids enclosing representations of eyes. These figures are symbols of totems of the chief who owned the canoe, representing the traditions of his family, like the heraldic coat-of-arms of some royal or noble family of Europe. In this canoe a chief would set out with fifty or more men, on a warlike expedition. None but men of consequence, who could command the labor of many hands could own such a canoe. To cut down the immense tree, hollow out the log, and fashion the canoe with the rude stone hatchets and chisels with which these Indians worked, required the labor of many men for months and years. A dugout canoe in which Hoopah Indians sailed on Trinity River, California, is made like an old fashioned wooden cradle, almost as broad as it is long. It has a gunwale that curls inboard, and round and square ends that rise to a point.

There are several boats placed together showing how people in different parts of the world hit upon the same form. There are boats of the corracle pattern, round as a bowl that the old nursery rhyme says three wise men of Gotham went to sea in. There is a Boyne corracle in which Irish fishermen take out their snap nets and fish for salmon on the Boyne. It is almost perfectly round. The frame is made of willow like a huge basket, and over it hides are stretched.

Another corracle similar in construction is from the River Dee and another is from India. The latter is a child's corracle, plaited like a basket of stiff rushes and has no outer covering. Near it stands a bull boat, used by Indians of Dakota. It is a round boat, about four feet in diameter, the same being made of pliant wood and the coverings of skins.—*Washington Star.*

Bean Lore.

The flowering beans were anciently supposed to give out a perfume that made men light-headed; hence, when a person seemed unusually silly, the expression used of him was: "Beans are in flower." Another saying connected with beans was: "Ogni grano ha la sua semola"—"Every bean has its black," that is its black eye. This was equivalent to saying: "Every person has his fault."

Beans have always had something mysterious connected with them ever since the days when Pliny wrote of Pythagoras's rule against eating them, "that beans contain the souls of the dead." And long ago in the city of Rome the priests said that the dark lines on bean-blossoms were letters. Still the modern mind is doubtful as to the success of the said priests in reading such alphabet. But the land of mysterious beans was Egypt, where the priests dared not look upon the vegetable.

To Pope Euticianus is attributed "the blessynge of benes upon the aultar," and the ghosts of the dead were appeased by the Romans, during the Lemuria, by throwing beans on the fire of the altar every other night for three times.

And an ancient Popish book, of 1565, says of some ceremony to which beans belonged: "We do not use to seeth ten or twelve beans together, but as many as we meane to eate; no more must be steepe, that is, meditate, upon ten or twelve sinnes only, neither for ten or twelve dayes, but upon all the thinges that ever we committed even from our birth, if it were possible to remember them."—*Independent.*

A Primitive Mexican Mill.

The ordinary Mexican corn-mill is of the pattern that has been in use from time immemorial, sometimes as a hand-mill, but turned by a horse, camel, ox or ass when constructed on a larger scale. Livingstone describes, in South Africa, "a mill, such as in Biblical times Sarah used, when told by her lord to do the thing handsomely and in a hurry for the strangers—*i. e.:* a big stone worn quite hollow by the operations of grinding. The upper stone is grasped by both hands, and the weight of the body is brought down on it as it is shoved to the lower part." In the Mexican mill the upper stone is large and heavy enough to grind by its own weight the meal for the daily *tortillas*. The patient, circumambulating mule is not muzzled, but he is blindfolded by a pair of singular-looking conical extinguishers, which prevent his being distracted from his work by the sight of the grist he is pulverising.

A Duel to the Death.

Two young men in France who were engaged to two sisters quarreled over some trifling matter, and agreed to settle their dispute by a duel, in which both should be wounded and one at least should be killed. The conditions agreed upon were that the right foot of the one should be tied to the left foot of the other, and then, each being armed with a dagger, they were to stab one another by turns until one should die. Each of the combatants received seven wounds before one of them expired, while still tied to his antagonist. The other was also removed in a dying

York Press.

The Methodist Epis
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WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMININE READERS.

Baby Has Gone to School.

The baby has gone to school; ah, me!
What will the mother do,
With never a call to button or pin,
Or tie a little shoe?
How can she keep herself busy all day
With the little "hindering thing" away?

Another basket to fill with lunch,
Another "good bye" to say,
And the mother stands at the door to see
Her baby march away;
And turns with a sigh that is half *relief*,
And half a something akin to grief.

She thinks of a possible future morn,
When the children, one by one,
Will go from their home out into the world,
To battle with life alone,
And not even the baby be left to cheer
The desolate home of that future year.

She picks up garments here and there,
Thrown down in careless haste,
And tries to think how it would seem
If nothing were displaced;
If the house were always as still as this,
How could she bear the loneliness!

—*Graphic.*

No More Bustles.

The fiat of fashion has gone forth that bustles shall be banished from the toilets of the fair sex, at which the unfair sex profess to be rejoicing merrily. "There will be more room in the street cars," says one. "We shall see graceful draperies," adds another, while a third delicately phrases his idea of clinging skirts and graceful outlines. The initiated smile with derisive pity, remembering that the unfair sex knows nothing of reeds. Only two small reeds which will be worn in every feminine skirt. The poor little bustle took up very little room in the street cars. It was the reeds that usurped space. The bustle fitted snugly to the small of the back, incommoding no one but the wearer; the reeds spread out in sitting down, and in walking were shaken by the wind. But what will become of all the bustle manufactories? There were a great number of them, and if this change in the fashion prevails their occupation will be gone. It serves them right, too, because they were all conducted by men, and it is men who have always howled about bustles. The story runs that a certain Parisian leader of fashion owed a bill for bustles which she was not prepared to pay. The bustle man sued her, and out of revenge she discarded bustles, and introduced the adjustable reed. Hence a very large industry received a serious blow. It seems hard upon all the work people who made the wire for the bustles, and the greater number who constructed the articles, and the young women employed to sell them, to say nothing of those who have bought a collection of bustles and don't know how to get rid of them.—*Taggart's Times.*

Splendid Jewels a Heavy Care.

The care of splendid jewels weighs very heavily upon their owners sometimes, and the women whose diamonds are too small to be mentioned in the letters from the summer watering-places, can console themselves with the fact that all the crooks and sharps in the country are not intently perusing such articles concerning them, and laying plans to render them diamondless. Some women at these summer resorts, who carry fortunes about with them in their jewel-cases, are extremely reckless in the care of them, and send cold shivers down the hotel clerk's spine by coming sleepily at midnight, dropping one hundred thousand dollars' worth of precious stones on the desk and making off before they stop to see whether he is looking or not. One bold snatch, on these occasions, would make a hotel thief comfortable for life. The rich cottagers, however, are more careful. They are aware that they are known all over the country, and the value of their gems accurately registered in burglars' note-books, and so they take proper precautions. Nearly all have heavy burglar and fire-proof safes set into the wall of their bed-rooms, and their costly possessions are deposited there every night. Mrs. William Astor and Mrs. Ogden Goelet both have alarms attached to the safes in their boudoirs, so that the slightest effort to tamper with the door will let loose a noise that can be heard a mile, and is calculated to induce nervous prostration in even the hardiest pilferer. When any of the Astors, Vanderbilts, Winthrops, Lorillards, or Van Rensselaers travel, a special courier is sent by their jeweler to guard their diamonds, and he is responsible for their safe delivery. He even goes abroad with them, it being his business to go to the safe deposit company, give a receipt for the jewels, see them safely in the Captain's safe aboard the steamer, take them out on the other side, and get a receipt from the London or Paris banker who has them in charge while the owners remain in Europe. Some women, however, will not trust their most treasured jewels to the hands of even a detective, and their methods of personally transporting them are as varied and queer as only feminine methods ever are. Mrs. Paran Stevens, who is nothing if not original, carries thousands of dollars' worth of blazing gems done up in a brown paper parcel and tied with a white cotton string. Her argument is that thieves would never suspect that so shabby a looking bundle, carelessly fastened into a shawl strap, was worth while carrying away. Mrs. Hicks-Lord—whose dream, by the way, is on the eve of marriage with a French duke—transports that superb one-hundred-thousand dollar necklace and some quar[illegible] worth of diamonds in a [illegible] about her waist. Mrs. [illegible] has some dear particular [illegible] to carry in the little [illegible] cushion that served [illegible] that bustles are [illegible] obliged to pro[illegible] —*Argonaut.*

Fashion Notes.

Onyx is given a dead finish for mourning.

The fashionable tints of the fall are green, red and gray, in myriads of new variations.

New black woolens intended for mourning wear have crinkled stripes like crape.

Among the recently imported novelties in jewelry we note a tiny gold watch in fan shape.

Earrings in form of stirrups, one side set with diamonds, the other with sapphires, are a novelty.

Linked sleeve buttons are seen resembling coupled coffee beans. One will be silver, the other a copper tint, a third gold, and a fourth oxidized silver.

Coats for the street, jackets and short wraps in beaver cloth, will be chiefly worn in red, terra cotta, slate, serpent, golden brown, marine blue, and black.

Directoire styles have again come to the fore, and broad lapping revers, high waisted evening bodices and redingotes for street wear, will be a feature of the season.

A bodice that will be much favored for evening gowns this winter is cut low and square in front, with embroidered lappets falling down from the embroidered collar and the opening filled in with a chemisette of fine pleated white surah.

Cape overcoats grow in favor and fifty inches is their correct length for the average man, but to our mind the well-cut sack, of dark blue or black, full fitted but not loose, with velvet collar and stitched cuffs and edges, is far and away more stylish.

Long loops of ribbon velvet, that do not even pretend any connection with the girdle, flaunt or dangle at the sides of many new flat skirts, and save their wearers many of the complications necessarily incident to the empire sash or an awkward wearer.

Creature Comforts for Cattle.

Saturday afternoon there passed through this city Benjamin F. Holmes, general manager of the American Live Stock Express Company, in charge of the first train of rapid transit stock cars ever run west of Chicago. This company has devised a new car for the transportation of live stock, such as will prevent the bruising and suffering of animals while being shipped. This car will provide for the feeding and watering of stock while in transit, and it can be so divided that each animal will have a separate compartment or stall. These compartments or stalls are formed by a very simple, yet practicable device, which consist of a series of slats made of hickory and strapped with steel or iron, and operating transversely in grooves or channels formed in the side parts of the cars and being attached at each end with endless belt chains which engage with sprocket wheels situated close to the roof of the car and mounted upon countershafts situated in the sills, to which power is applied by means of a crank to move the partitions from a horizontal position in the cars, up longitudinally close under the roof, or in either direction, to form the stalls or make an open car. The cars carry the same number of head of stocks as ordinary cars, and when loaded by means of the above device, the stock can be separated very readily. The hay or grain is carried to the top or attic of the car, and the manner of placing it in the mangers is as convenient as it would be in a stable, and can be fed at any time while the train is in motion. Water is furnished by means of supply pipes, extending on the outside around the car, to which troughs are attached by short pipes, tapped into the main supply pipe, and by rotating the main pipe water, which is received in a tank at the end of the car, every trough will instantly fill up to the water level in the main pipe, furnishing eight gallons to each animal. The troughs, like the mangers, are built into the side walls in such a manner that the interior of the cars are smooth. The ventilation of these cars is by means of fan wheels, situated in the top and side of the feed bins.

The train was composed of seventeen stock cars and a way car. The way car is a model of elegance and comfort, being supplied with sleeping, cooking and dining rooms to accommodate three men, who are furnished by the company, the number required to take care of the stock while in transit. The cars are supplied with elliptic springs, Westinghouse air brakes, automatic couplers and the Sisum canting lever trucks, the same equipments now used on the best sleeping cars. These trains will be run on the Union Pacific and Milwaukee from Soda Springs, Idaho, to Chicago or any point in the East, and will run at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.—*Omaha Bee.*

The Barber's Delicate Art.

A barber says in the *Globe-Democrat*: Few people have an idea how few there are who could become barbers by any amount of application. I have had nineteen apprentices at various times, only seven of whom are tonsorial artists. Some boys are too nervous to acquire the ability, and particularly cigarette smokers. Others are too lazy. Still others have not the suaveness necessary, for a successful barber must be a polite man. Others have not the essential mechanism or cannot attain to the requisite lightness of touch. But morbid peculiarities are great factors in unfitting a candidate. For instance, I have just dismissed an apprentice because of his inordinate antipathy to warts. When a customer who is the possessor of a wart is down in a chair at the boy's mercy he shaves all around it with the utmost care; then a devilish grin distorts his features, the expression being the funniest I ever saw, and he cuts off the wart. The customer rises and discovers his face bleeding terribly, and the result is a row and a lost customer.

It is the police who ma-nip-u-late.—*Duluth Paragrapher.*

An Eastern publisher announces for fall, "How to Get a Husband." We respectfully suggest that the safest place to get him is by the ear.

Goldsmith's love for "everything that's old" would have been gratified if Goldsmith could have lived to read the humor of the last half of the nineteenth century.

"How Storms Are Made" is the subject of a learned article in an exchange. The quickest way to make them is to leave your umbrella at home.—*Dansville Breeze.*

Husband (of economical views)—"That's a very becoming bonnet, my dear." Wife of (sarcastic turn)—"Oh, yes, becoming very old and decrepit."—*Washington Critic.*

Isn't it a little strange that when a ship is loaded she is generally well balanced, but when a man gets that way he is pretty certain to lose his balance?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Why women kiss women no one has ever yet been able to determine, but it is generally agreed, we believe, that men kiss women because the women want them to.—*Somerville Journal.*

Farmer's wife (limping into the house)—"That brindle cow kicked me, John, an' I'm afraid my leg is broken." Farmer—"Gash ding that critter! Is the milk spilled?"—*Texas Siftings.*

Mother (to meddlesome child)—Edwin, if you don't stop putting your fingers in that oxalic acid, the first thing you know you will be on the way to heaven. Elder sister—Yes, and if you do go, just think, you would never see your dear mother again!—*Harper's Bazar.*

Customer (to barber)—"Shave down, please, as it makes my face sore to shave against the grain." "I'd just as soon shave down as not," replied the loquacious torturer, "but can't find any on your grizzly old face. The down on your face turned to bristles years ago." *Dansville Breeze.*

A Valuable Remedy.

Brandreth's Pills purify the Blood, stimulate the Liver, strengthen the Kidneys, regulate the Bowels. They were introduced in the United States in 1835. Since that time over fifty millions of boxes of Brandreth's Pills have been consumed.

This, together with thousands of convincing testimonials from all parts of the world, is positive evidence of their value.

Brandreth's Pills are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar coated.

The ruling passion is said to be very strong in the Czar of Russia.

Wonderful Popularity.

The fact that the sale of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets exceeds that of any other pill in the market, be it great or small, is on account of the fact that they are tiny, little, sugar-coated granules, and that in most cases one little "Pellet" is sufficient for a dose; that they are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless; and for constipation, biliousness, sick headache, and all diseases arising from derangement of the liver, stomach or bowels, they are absolutely a specific. A gentle laxative or active cathartic, according to size of dose.

On the brink—the abyss.

Dangerous Negligence

It is as unwise to neglect a case of constipation or indigestion as a case of fever or other more serious disease, for, if allowed to progress as great danger to life may result. A few Hamburg Figs will put the bowels in a healthy condition, in which they may be kept by occasional use of this medicine. 25 cents. Dose one Fig. Mack Drug Co., N. Y.

A knot is a division of a ship's log line corresponding to a nautical line.

A Madman at Large!

He is a well-known citizen, and his nearest and dearest friends do not suspect his insanity. How do we happen to know about it? Listen; his appetite is gone, he is low-spirited, he don't sleep well, he has night-sweats, he is annoyed by a hacking cough. These symptoms are the forerunners of consumption and death, and yet he neglects them. Is it any wonder that we call him a madman? If you are his friend, tell him to get a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery without delay. It will cure him if he takes it in time. It will not miraculously create new lungs when the old ones are nearly gone, but it will restore diseased ones to a healthy condition. Tell him about it, and warn him that in his case delay means death.

More twins are born in May and July than in any other months.

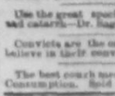
Lung Troubles and Wasting

Diseases can be cured, if properly treated in time, as shown by the following statement from D. C. Freeman, Sydney: "Having been a great sufferer from pulmonary attacks, and gradually wasting away for the past two years it affords me pleasure to testify that Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Lime and Soda has given me great relief, and I cheerfully recommend it to all suffering in a similar way to myself. In addition, I would say that it is very pleasant to take."

Use the great specific for "cold in the head" and catarrh—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Convicts are the only persons who do no believe in their convictions.

The best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.



The true American has a warm place in his heart for the old Log Cabin. It's not "English you know," but from the Log Cabins of America have sprung men in every respect greater than any from the grand castles of Europe. Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla is the best in the world.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Ely's Cream Balm
IS SURE TO CURE
COLD in HEAD
QUICKLY.
Apply Balm into each nostril. [illegible] 56 Warren St., N. Y.

PEERLESS DYES Are the BEST. [illegible]

[illegible] been camping out on an island in the great Lake Nipissing, Canada, last Summer, were returning in a sail boat and were yet seven miles from port when the sun went down, and with it the sailing breeze.

A discouraging situation, truly.

"Never mind, I can row you there inside of two hours," said the guide who had charge of the party, as their murmurs arose.

"Why, man, it is seven miles, there are four of us in this heavy boat—its a big job you undertake," said one.

"No matter, I have done the likes before and can do it again," cheerfully replied the broad shouldered Irishman, as he stowed away the sail and bent to the oars. He was a splendid oarsman, and the boat was soon under headway again.

"What would I not give to enjoy your health and strength," remarked the Professor.

"Yes, I am pretty healthy, and though I am past sixty I feel as strong as ever," replied the guide. "But only three years ago I stood at death's door and never thought to pull an oar again. You see, I was in the woods all winter, logging, and I got into the water one day and caught cold. It settled on my lungs and I had a bad cough, which hung on till I ran down almost to a skeleton."

"Call in a physician?"

"Yes, I went twenty miles through the bush to see a doctor; he gave me some medicine, but it didn't help me much."

"How was the cure effected?"

"An old Scotch lady, who had come over from the States gave me a preparation of balsams and herbs, which she said the early settlers in America used, and it soon stopped my cough and put me on my feet again."

One has but to travel along the frontier to learn how easy it is to get along without doctors, and how effective are the natural remedies which the old grandmothers know how to prepare. They often cure where the best physicians fail.

Every mother of a family knows how coughs and colds are quickly and radically cured with syrups and teas made from balsams and herbs which "grandmother taught us how to make."

Warner's Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy was, after long investigation into the merits and comparison with other old-time preparations, selected from them because proved to be the very best of them all. It has brought back the roses to many a pallid cheek—there is no known remedy its equal as a cure for coughs and colds.

Brethren of the cloth—tailors.

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Are Diamond Dyes. They excel all others in Strength, Purity and Fastness. None others are just as good. Beware of imitations—they are made of cheap and inferior materials and give poor, weak, crocky colors.

36 colors; 10 cents each.

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Nervous Prostration	"After using six bottles of Paine's Celery Compound, I am cured of rheumatism." Samuel Hutchinson, South Cornish, N. H.
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Kidney Diseases	"It has done me more good for kidney disease than any other medicine." Geo. Abbott, Sioux City, Iowa.
AND All Liver Disorders	"Paine's Celery Compound has been of great benefit for torpid liver, indigestion, and biliousness." Elizabeth C. Udall, Quechee, Vt.

ASTHMA CURED
German Asthma Cure never fails to give immediate relief in the worst cases, insures comfortable sleep; effects cures where all others fail. A trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 50c. and $1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Sample FREE for stamp. Dr. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.

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I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life.—A. H. Dowell, Editor Enquirer, Edenton, N. C., April 23, 1887.

PISO

The best Cough Medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Children take it without objection. By all druggists. 25c.

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From the Chaplain of Exeter College, and Houghton Syriac Prizeman, Oxford.
Coll. Exon. Oxon., Sept. 1888.
Dear Sir:—In April, 1885, while thinking of taking orders in September, I suddenly received notice that my ordination examination would be held in a fortnight. I had only ten (10) days in which to prepare for the Exam. I should recommend a year's preparation in the case of anyone so utterly unprepared as I was; but your System had so strengthened my natural memory, that I was able to remember and give the gist of any book after reading it once. I therefore read Lightfoot, Procter, Harold Browne, Mosheim, &c., &c., and was successful in every one of the nine papers. The present Bishop of Edinburg knows the facts. Faithfully yours,
Rev. JAMES MIDDLETON MACDONALD, [M. A.]
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We offer the man who wants service (not style) a garment that will keep him dry in the hardest storm. It is called TOWER'S FISH BRAND "SLICKER," a name familiar to every cow-boy all over the land. With them the only perfect Wind and Waterproof Coat is "Tower's Fish Brand Slicker" [illegible] A. J. Tower, [illegible] Boston, Mass.